LES PARODIES DE
l'Echo des Savanes

THE LITTLE WORLD OF TROLLOPINE

André Amouriq

SCANNED BY REGDUL

ALBIN MICHEL

TRANSLATED BY DONNIE B.

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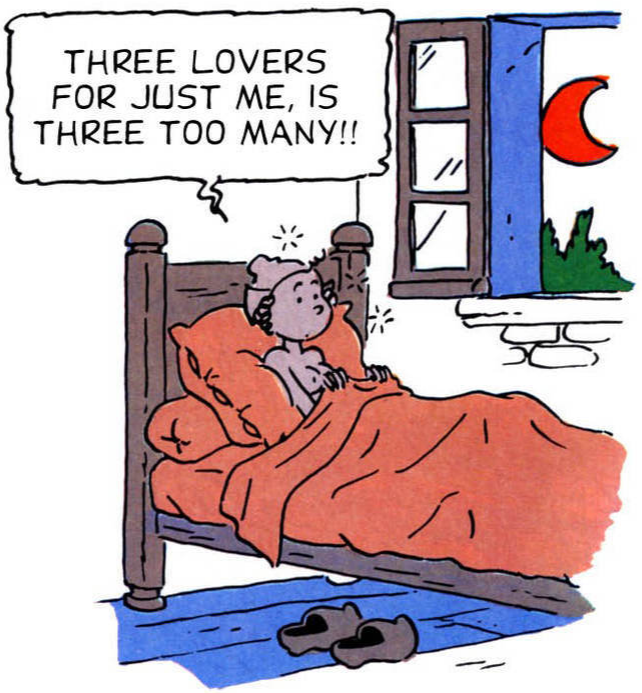
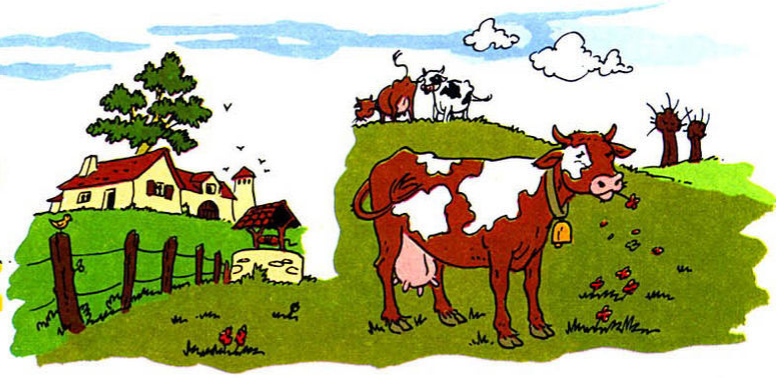


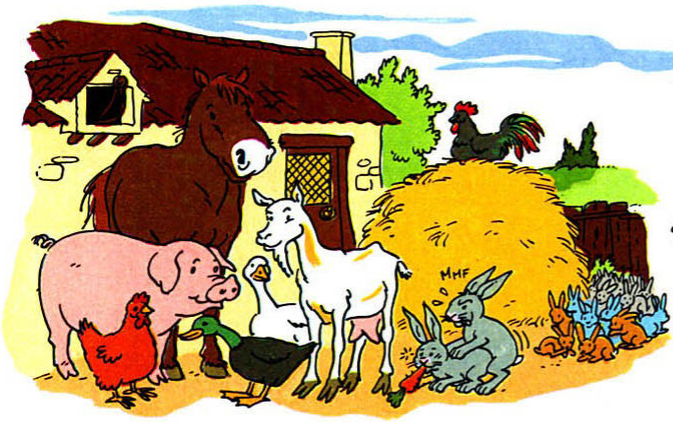
ALBIN MICHEL

Ballin-on-Trollop is a very pretty town...



...with very pretty farms.

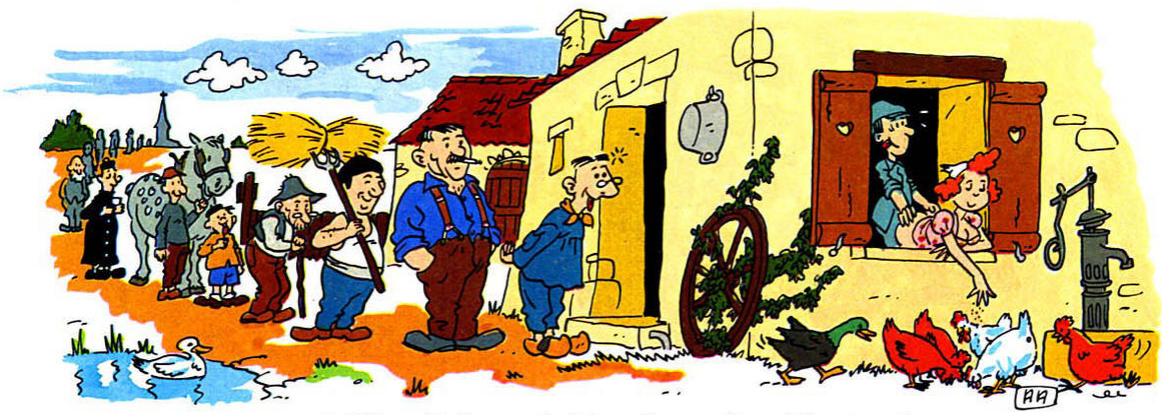
On those farms, there are cows...



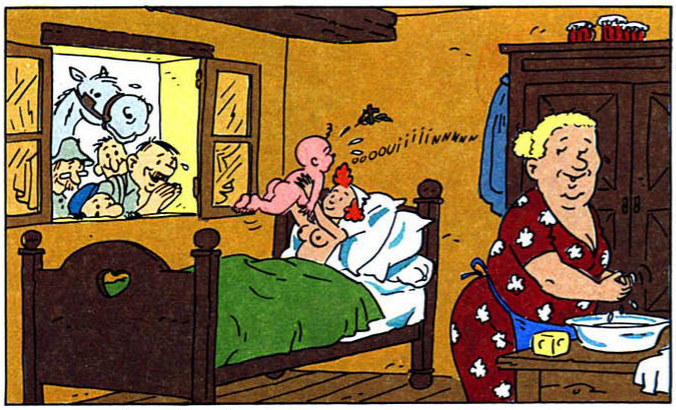
...chickens, ducks, geese, pigs, goats, horses, rabbits...

Lots and lots of rabbits...

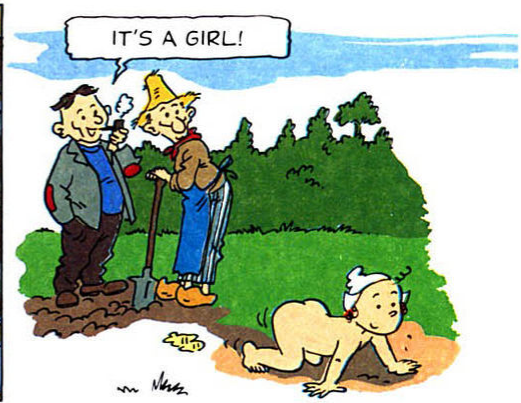
...and very pretty farmer ladies. Especially one.



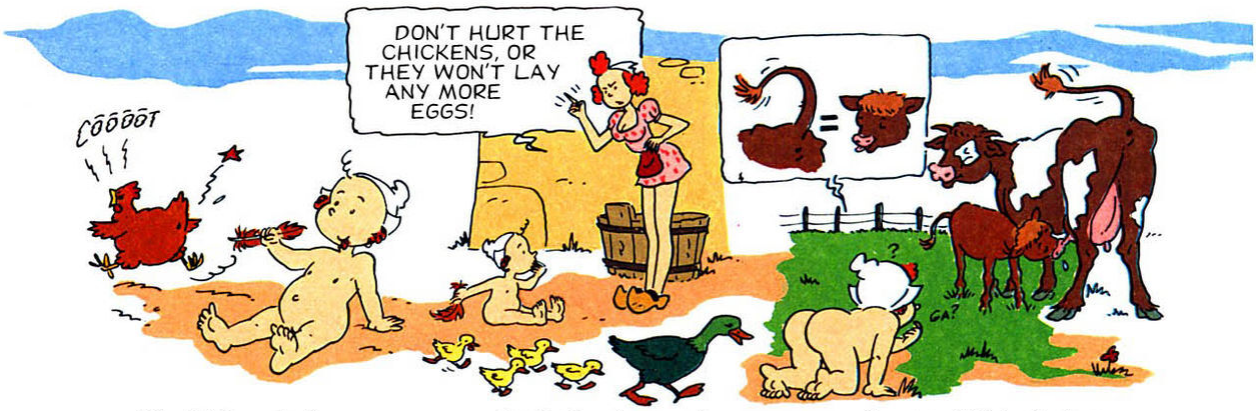
In Ballin-on-Trollop, everybody loves the pretty farmer lady very much.



That's why, when she brings a very pretty baby into the world, everyone thinks he's the papa.



Child of all of Ballin-on-Trollop, she's named Trollopine.

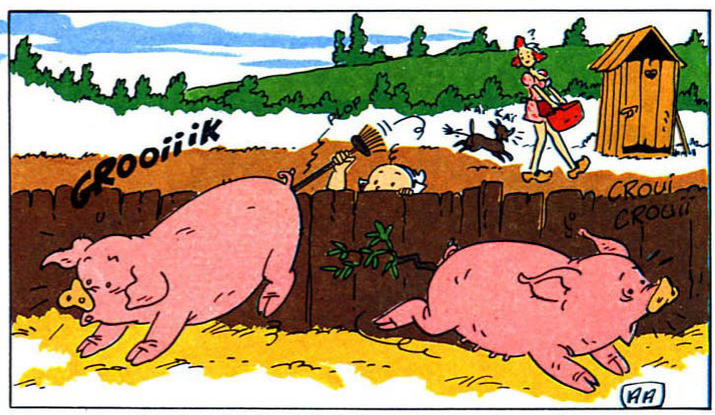


Like all infants, she does silly things.

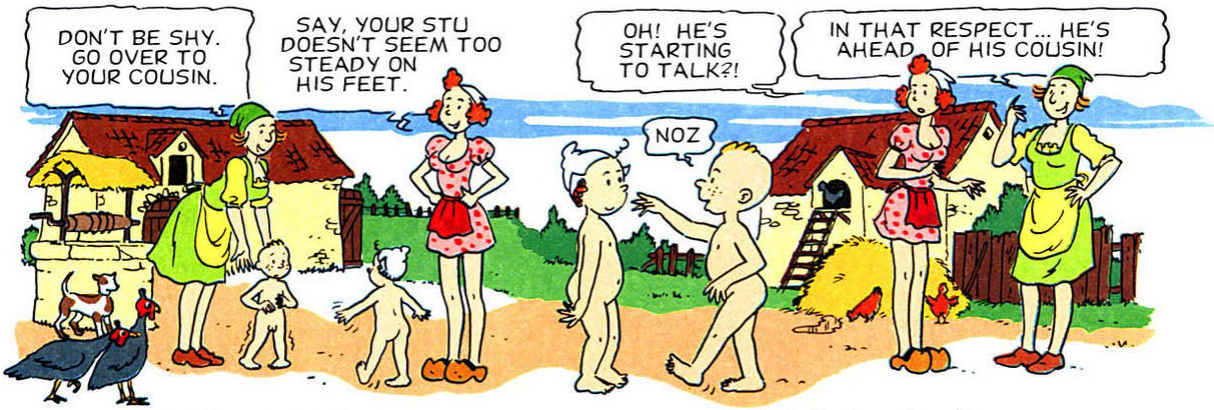
But thanks to her mama's wise advice...

...the sweet child does her best to make up for it.

That's how they quickly realize she isn't going to set the world on fire!

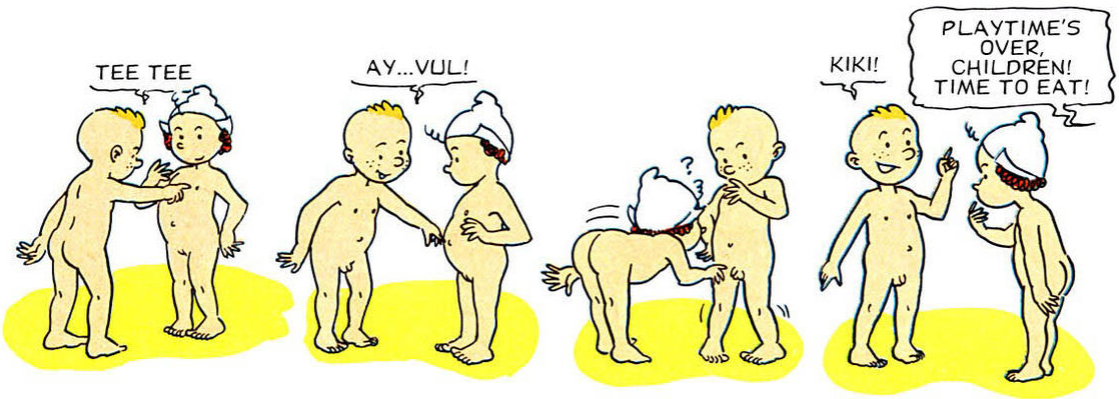


On the other hand, she's always ready to give service to others. Even if the others don't always... enjoink it!


DON'T BE SHY. GO OVER TO YOUR COUSIN.
SAY, YOUR STU DOESN'T SEEM TOO STEADY ON HIS FEET.
OH! HE'S STARTING TO TALK?!
IN THAT RESPECT... HE'S AHEAD OF HIS COUSIN!
NOZ

Trollopine has a little cousin. His name is Stu. They're both one year old.

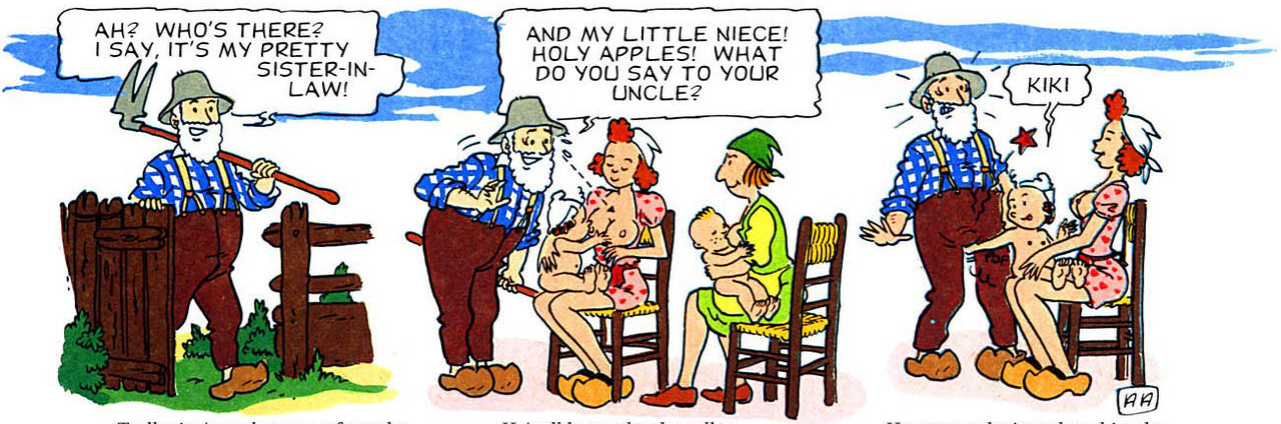
Trollopine has learned to walk before Stu, but she would love to be able to talk as well as he could.



She tries really hard to repeat what he says.

She doesn't hesitate to ask the name of the things she's interested in.

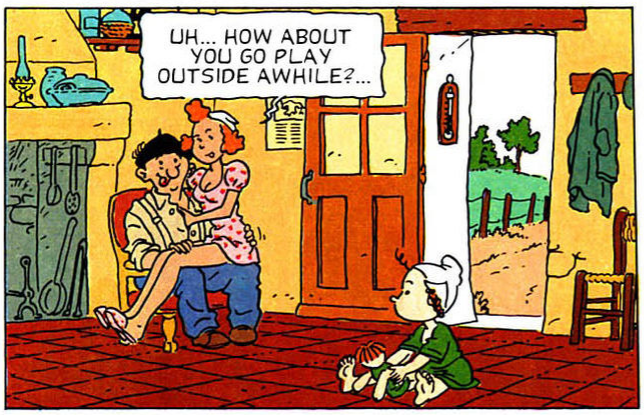
Stu always answers. He knows so much!



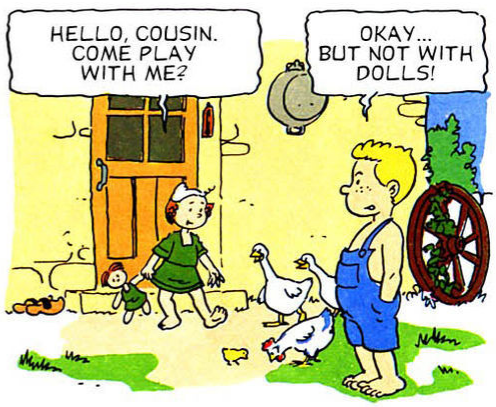
Trollopine's uncle returns from the garden. Despite his heavy beard and booming voice, she loves him dearly.

He's all hot under the collar after catching an eyeful of her mama's breast.

How eager she is to show him the progress she's made on her vocabulary!

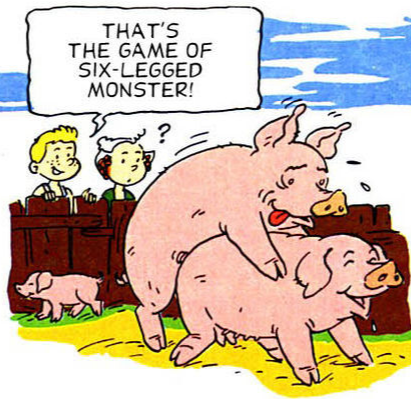


Trollopine is now three years old. Her mama is very nice to her. Whenever a gentleman comes to the house, she sends her to play outdoors.



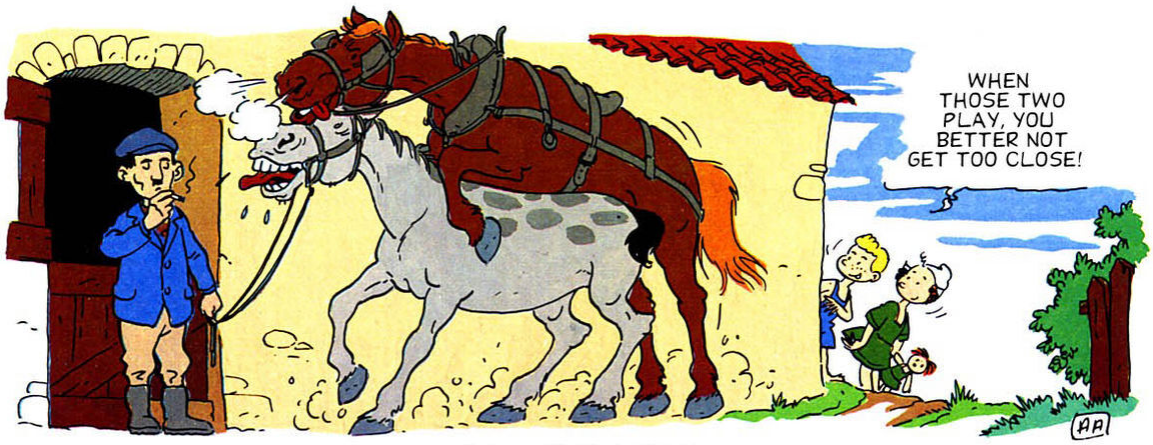
Cool! Today her cousin Stu has come to see her. She loves her cousin very much.

He knows lots of games, each more fun than the last.

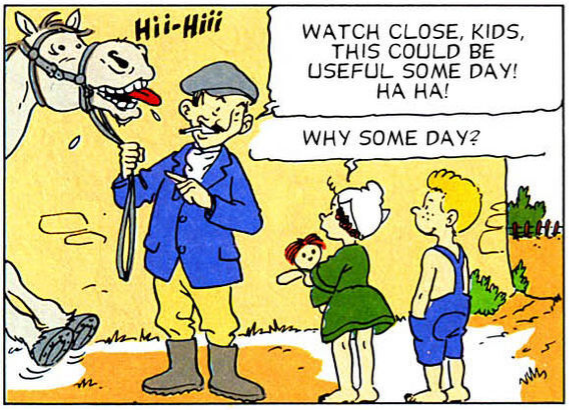


True, the pigs do seem to be having lots of fun.

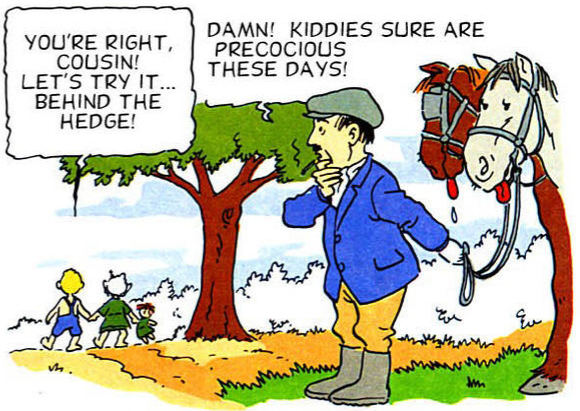
Mama Nanny and Papa Billy too, Trollopine notices.



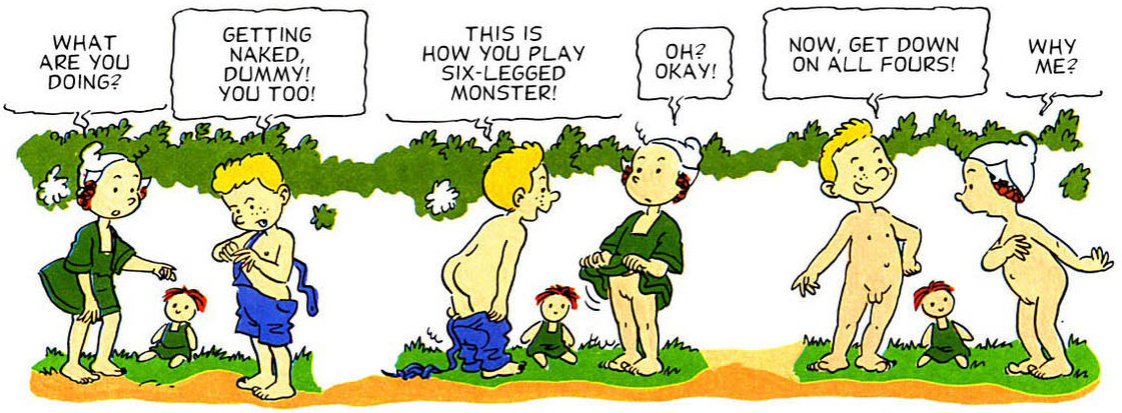
Fun game! Trollopine thinks. Really, I'm the only one that doesn't know how to play.



Trollopine likes the game a lot. She wants to play right away.



Edward, the hired hand, has forgotten that he once diddled his little cousin.


WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
GETTING NAKED, DUMMY! YOU TOO!
THIS IS HOW YOU PLAY SIX-LEGGED MONSTER!
OH? OKAY!
NOW, GET DOWN ON ALL FOURS!
WHY ME?

It's not bathtime yet, Trollopine thinks...

It's true! The animals are rarely dressed when they play it!

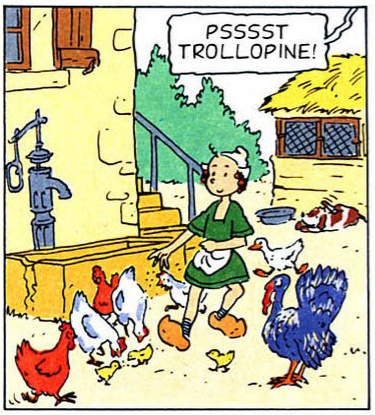
But Trollopine protests weakly, since it's not in her character.

IT'S THE ONE WITHOUT A PEEPEE THAT GETS ON ALL FOURS!
IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT!
?
YOW! OWWWIE!
YOUR GAME ISN'T MUCH FUN! YOU SURE THIS IS HOW YOU PLAY?
YES... I THINK SO...

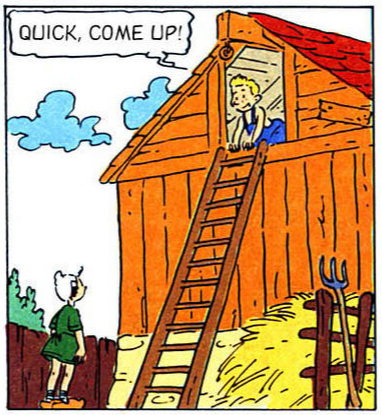
Trollopine is already finding the game less fun.

Hedges are never silent, to those who know how to listen.

The little rascals! They don't know all the rules of this game yet, but it'll come!

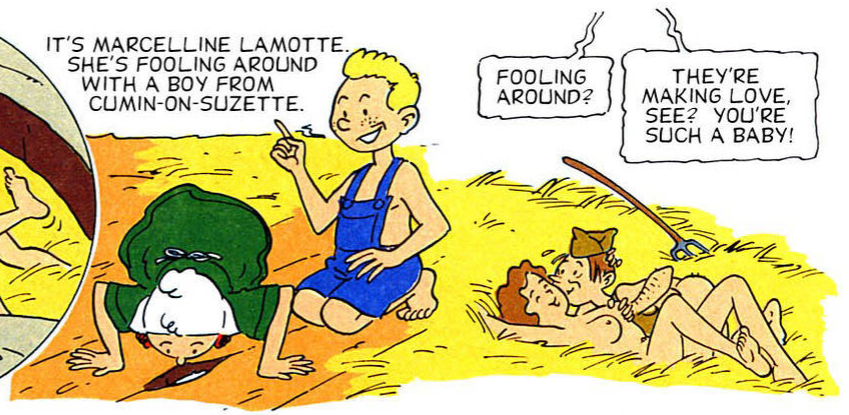


Trollopine is six now. She never balks at helping her mama.



She's so happy on the farm!... And don't imagine she lacks for diversions...

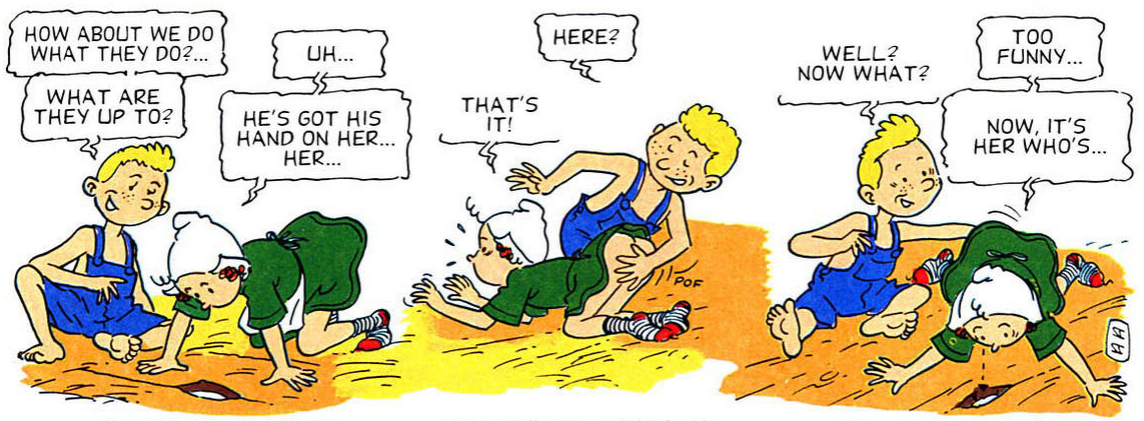
Especially when her cousin Stu is around!


IT'S MARCELLINE LAMOTTE. SHE'S FOOLING AROUND WITH A BOY FROM CUMIN-ON-SUZETTE.
FOOLING AROUND?
THEY'RE MAKING LOVE, SEE? YOU'RE SUCH A BABY!

What's more, nobody in Ballin-on-Trollop lacks for diversions.

Young and old alike always find a way to busy themselves happily.

Stu may play the wise guy, but he hardly knows more than his cousin.



A well-brought-up little girl, Trollopine has trouble saying certain words.

Stu can talk even with his hands.

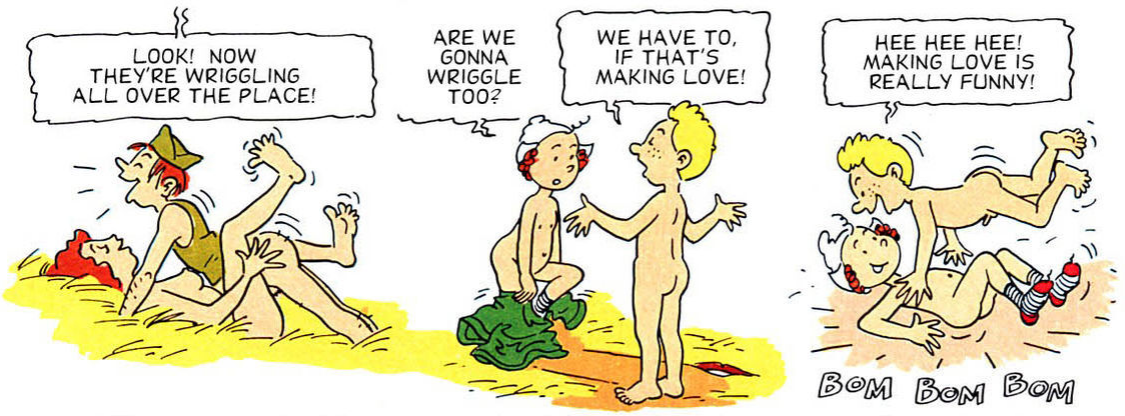
Very attentive, Trollopine is absorbing every bit of this lesson in physical education.

WHAT'S SHE DOING TO HIM?
TAKE OFF YOUR PANTS, YOU'LL SEE.
THERE! IT'S NO HARDER THAN MILKING BOSSY!
MAMMAAA!...
IT'S NOT WORKING! THE SOLDIER'S DOWN THERE IS GETTING ALL BIG.
MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO MILK IT?

At school, Trollopine isn't one of the top students.

Despite all her good intentions, she hasn't yet grasped the difference...

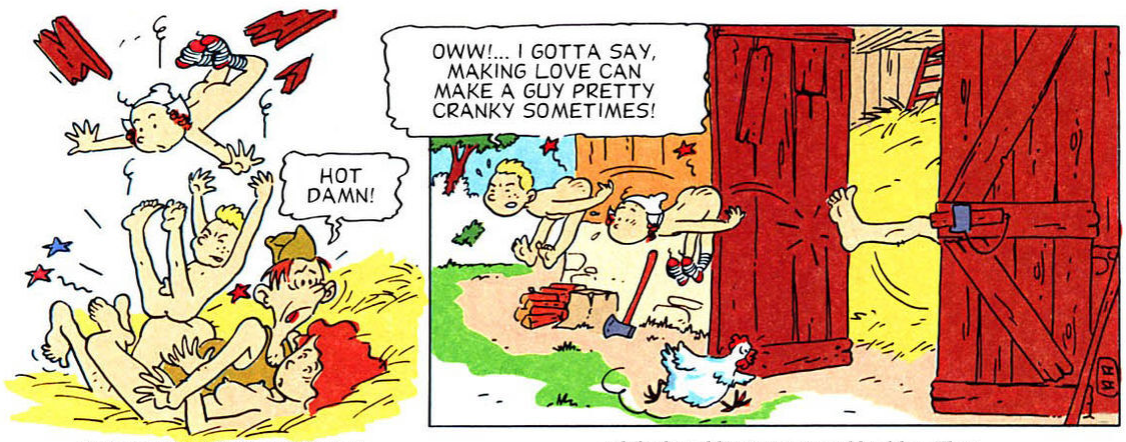
...between the multiplication tables and Napoleon's hat.


LOOK! NOW THEY'RE WRIGGLING ALL OVER THE PLACE!
ARE WE GONNA WRIGGLE TOO?
WE HAVE TO, IF THAT'S MAKING LOVE!
HEE HEE HEE! MAKING LOVE IS REALLY FUNNY!
BOM BOM BOM

If all my courses were like this one, I'd be the head of the class, she thinks.

Even Stu is surprised to see her so eager to do her homework.

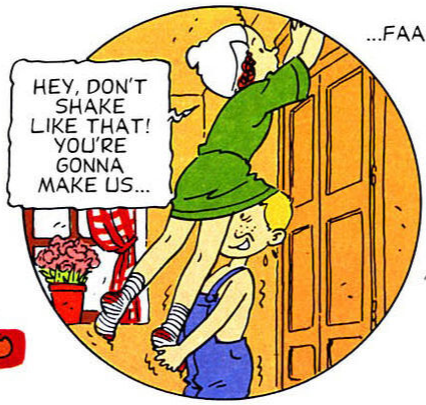
They both jump for joy to learn their lesson.



Unfortunately, the floor of the loft is old and rotten...

...while the soldier is young and healthy. They won't soon forget their first roll in the hay.

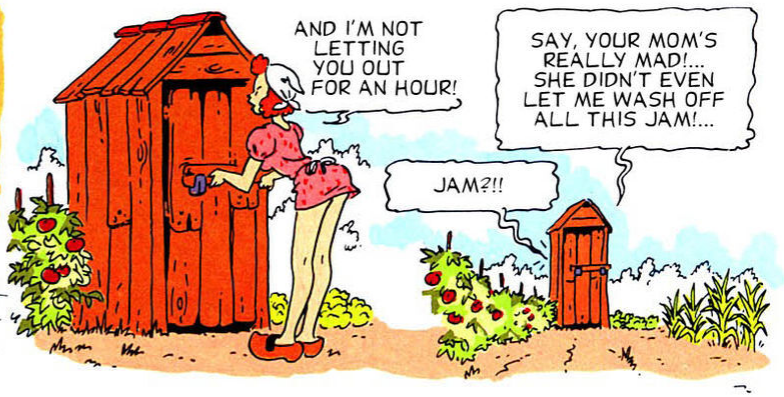
Trollopine has grown, but not enough to reach the jars of preserves on top of the big cabinet.



The greedy girl! She's trying to get the jar of blueberries behind the others.

And inevitably, bim bam, what had to happen, happens.

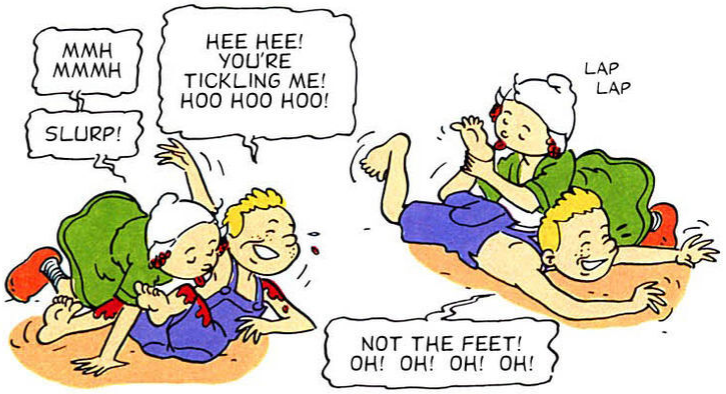
Alerted by the commotion, Trollopine's mama runs up, in a panic.



Very angry, she shuts them up in the shed behind the garden.

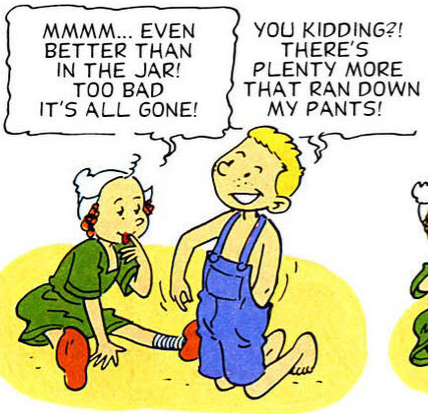
Here's a fine punishment for our two little rascals.

What to do, when you're locked up with a little cousin...



...who smells of lovely blueberries? Trollopine has figured it out.

Head or feet, how delicious our sweet Stu is!



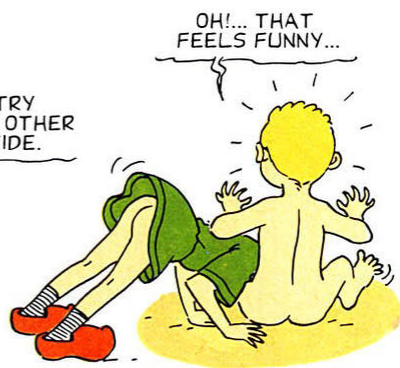
Trollopine has a monstrous appetite today. Fortunately, Stu is a very resourceful boy.

The sly boy!... He's saved the best for last.

Still very small, he shares his tastes with all his friends.

He'd never played the role of a slice of bread before.

Even better than mama's tarts, Trollopine thinks ecstatically.



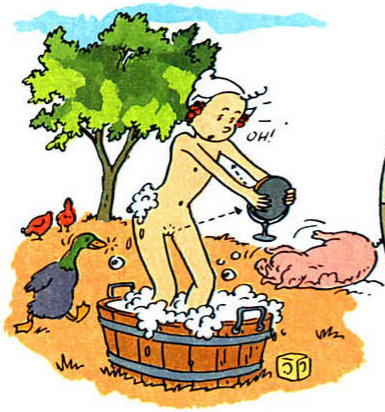
Stu, who's starting to feel strange sensations, doesn't know what's so funny.

Like the soldier in the barn, he exults, quite proud of himself.

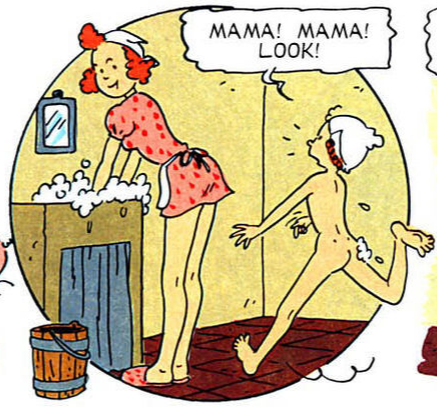
Too bad... his little adventure quickly turns to defeat.

Oh, darn, Stu grumbles. Just when I was starting to enjoy being punished...

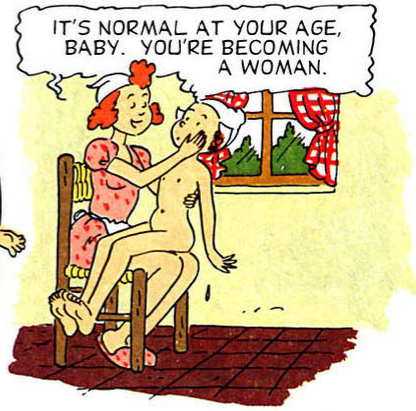
TROLLOPINE HAS THREE HAIRS ON HER KIKI



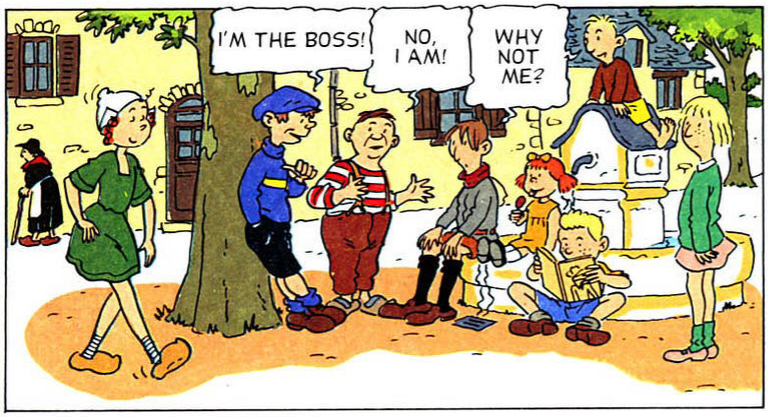
One morning, while taking her bath, Trollopine discovers three hairs she hasn't seen before.



What a surprise! Quickly, she runs to tell her mama.



She reassures her and explains all sorts of things that a big girl her age needs to know.



Trollopine doesn't understand it all. But she swells with pride to tell Stu and her pals about it in Ballin-on-Trollop.

She's very proud to announce that she's become a real woman.

But that day, they have another concern: deciding who would be boss of the gang!

Trollopine likes her friends a lot. She's going to show them.

First, of course, is her cousin Stu, who's always full of ideas.

Salsify, the tallest, who can never make up his mind.

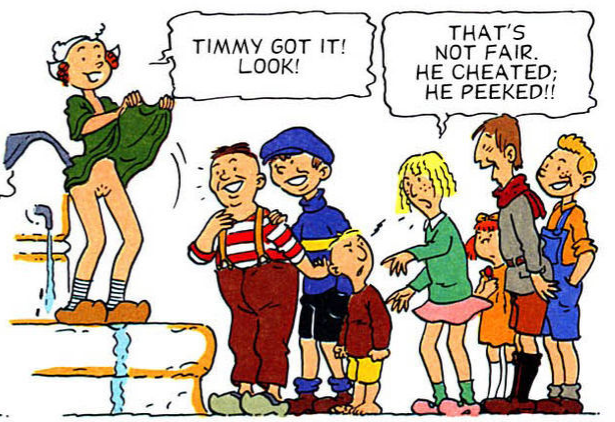
Petey, who eats a lot and who always has greasy hands.

Trick, who's very jealous because she really wants to have hair too.

Gooseberry, who really loves lollipops.

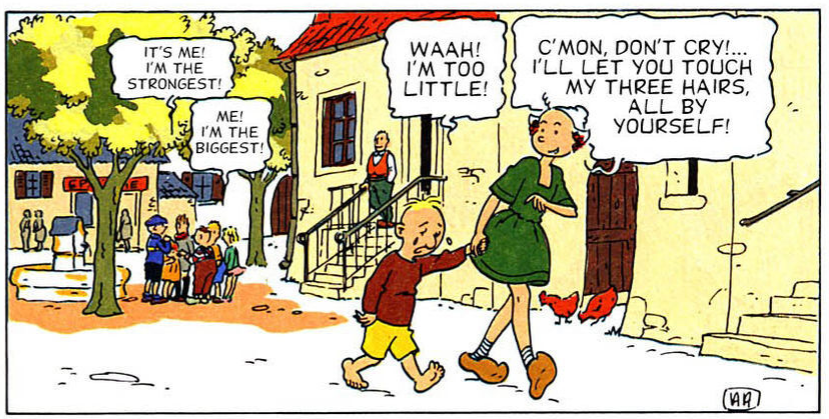
Morry, the joker, who's always teasing Trollopine.

And Timmy, the smallest, Trollopine's favorite.

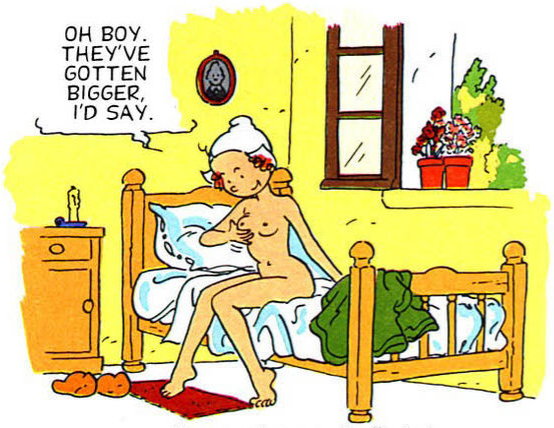


Trollopine is quite happy to give the proof that Timmy won. But not everyone agrees.

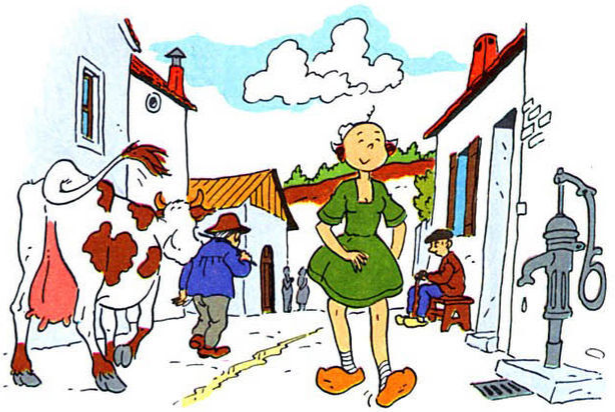
Trollopine loves to play with her friends, together...


IT'S ME! I'M THE STRONGEST!
ME! I'M THE BIGGEST!
WAAH! I'M TOO LITTLE!
C'MON, DON'T CRY!... I'LL LET YOU TOUCH MY THREE HAIRS, ALL BY YOURSELF!
AA

...or separately!



For some time now, Trollopine's tits have been growing. She checks them every morning.



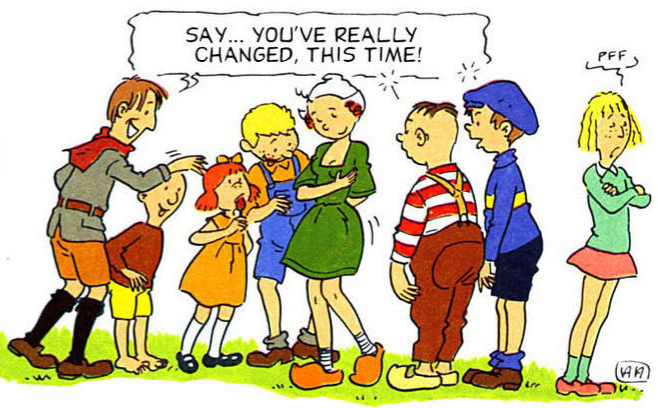
When she walks through Ballin-on-Trollop, she feels as if everybody's looking only at her! How proud she is!

She really wants her little friends to notice them. Right, there they are.

They're playing blind-man's buff. Trollopine walks over, she has an idea.

What a surprise for Stu to feel two nice round tits!

And what a surprise to find out who "owns" those tits.



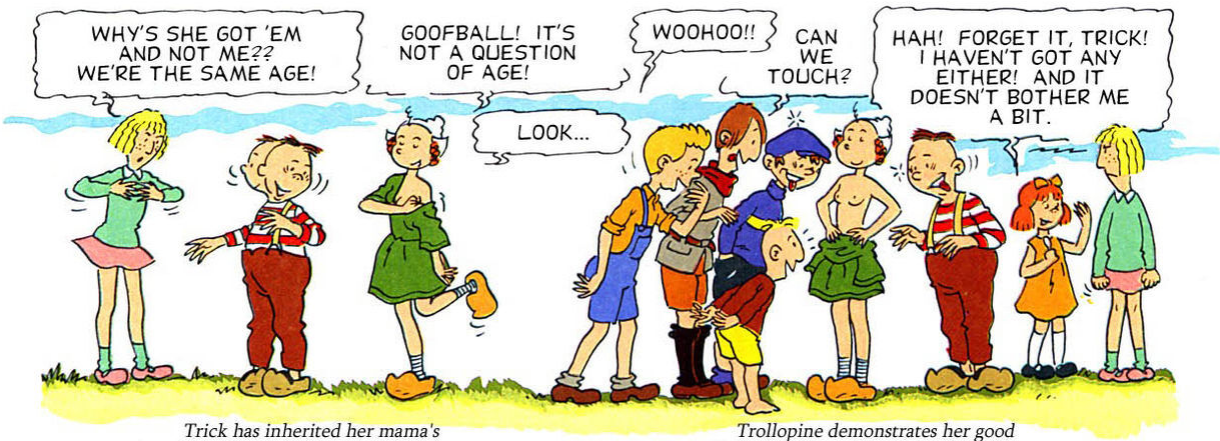
All her friends crowd in admiration around a Trollopine glowing with pride. Only Trick seems to sulk.

IT AIN'T HARD TO STUFF YOUR SHIRT WITH COTTON!
BOOHOOHOO! IT ISN'T COTTON!! WAAAHHHH!
DON'T CRY! WE BELIEVE YOU!
MEANIE! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
THAT'LL TEACH HER TO SHOW OFF!

The accusation cuts our honest Trollopine to the quick.

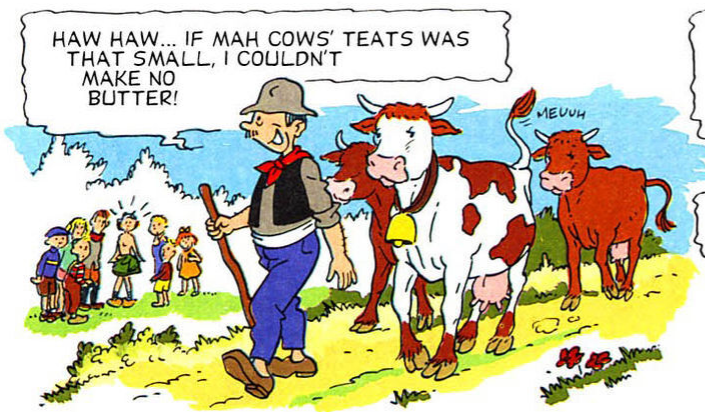
And Stu knows what he's talking about, since he felt them.

But Trick sticks to it.

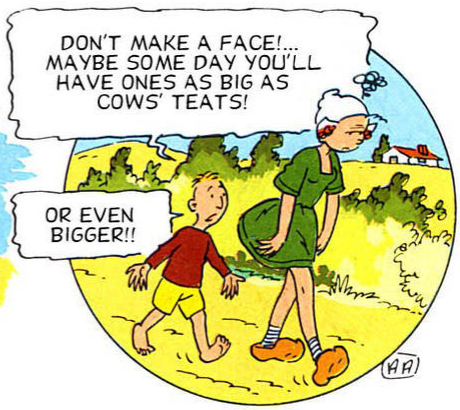

WHY'S SHE GOT 'EM AND NOT ME?? WE'RE THE SAME AGE!
GOOFBALL! IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF AGE!
LOOK...
WOOHOO!!
CAN WE TOUCH?
HAH! FORGET IT, TRICK! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY EITHER! AND IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME A BIT.

Trick has inherited her mama's hopelessly flat chest.

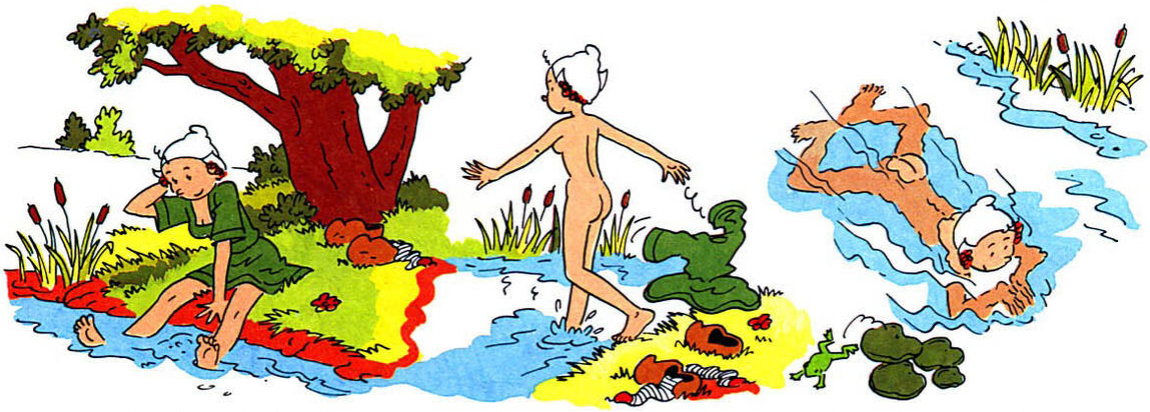
Trollopine demonstrates her good faith to all. What a triumph!! Especially in front of the boys!



Amos, the cowhand, goes for generous chests. To each his own!



That doesn't seem to cheer her up much. Poor little Timmy - girls sure are complicated.



Seeing her reflection in the river this morning, Trollopine thinks herself very pretty.

It's a shame I have to grow up, she decides. I'm very nice like this, right, river?

What pleasure to paddle around in the clean water, in the sunshine. Really, she's the happiest Trollopine in the world.

But when she gets out of the water, what a surprise... all her clothes have disappeared!

Trollopine is very uneasy! Who could have pulled this nasty trick?

A talking barrel! Wow! Trollopine has never seen the like!

EXCUSE ME... I'M LOOKING FOR MY CLOTHES! UH... DID YOU SEE ANYTHING?
OH? THOSE WERE YOURS? I THOUGHT THEY'D BEEN THROWN AWAY.
SO IT WAS YOU!... WHAT NERVE!
DON'T BE MAD! IT WAS SO I COULD TRADE THEM FOR FOOD. HEY! I GOTTA LIVE!
IF IT'S PROVISIONS YOU NEED, I CAN BRING YOU SOME! BUT NOT DRESSED LIKE THIS!...
...
MM

What a curious person!... How can somebody live in a barrel?

Trollopine, who's a kindly soul, accepts the excuse.

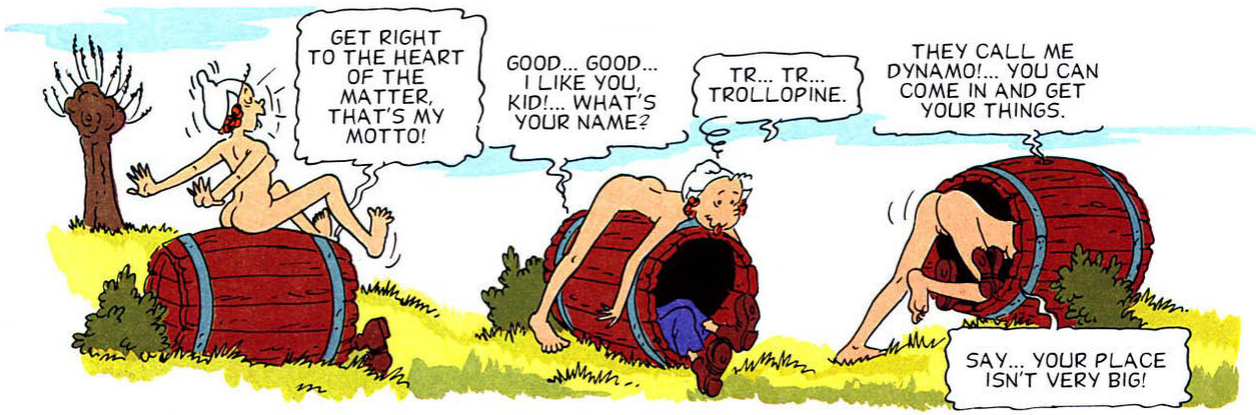
The barrel is struck dumb in the face of such generosity. Worthy Trollopine!

THAT CALLS FOR REFLECTION... SIT DOWN ON THE BARREL.
STRADDLING IT?
EXACTLY! SIT YOURSELF OVER THE BUNG HOLE.
WHAT FOR?
TO GET BETTER ACQUAINTED, OF COURSE!
HEAVENS! SUCH BEHAVIOR!!

Trollopine is intrigued. What's he up to, she asks herself.

But curiosity gets the best of her. When a game's starting, she's never the last in.

It's feelies, she quickly notices. She knows that one!


GET RIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER, THAT'S MY MOTTO!
GOOD... GOOD... I LIKE YOU, KID!... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
TR... TR... TROLLOPINE.
THEY CALL ME DYNAMO!... YOU CAN COME IN AND GET YOUR THINGS.
SAY... YOUR PLACE ISN'T VERY BIG!

She'd often played it with her cousin. But that had never had such an effect.

Gotta tell Stu he doesn't have such big fingers, she sighs...

Never accept an invitation from a stranger, her mama had often told her.

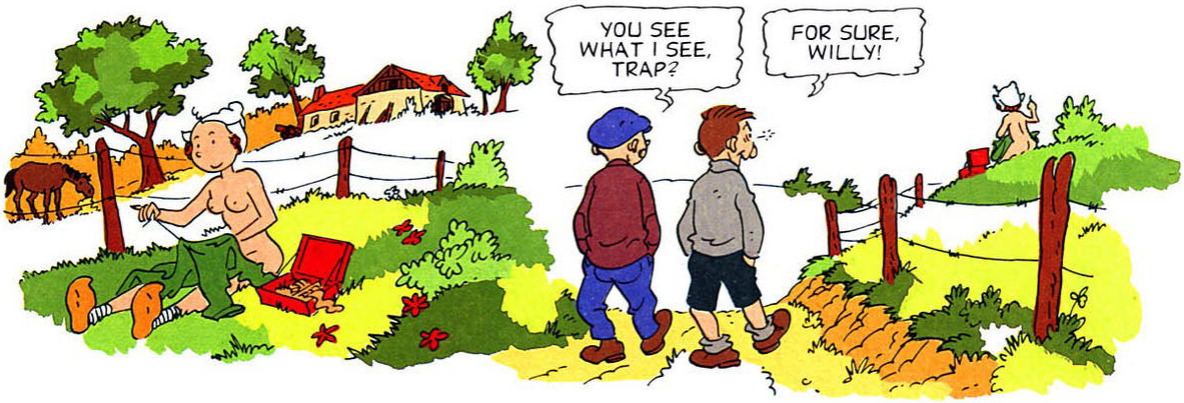
BAH... JUST SQUEEZE ON IN!
AGAIN?! BUT... WE'VE ALREADY GOTTEN ACQUAINTED!
YOU CAN NEVER KNOW SOMEBODY WELL ENOUGH, KID! BELIEVE ME, I KNOW.
AND DON'T FORGET! THE TRUTH IS FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL! HA HA HA!
AW

But Dynamo isn't a stranger anymore, now that he's introduced himself.

It's a good philosophy, in spite of his somewhat cavalier manners.

I'll go back and see him, Trollopine decides. He can teach me a lot.

TROLLOPINE DOES SOME SEWING



Trollopine's dress is torn. In the meadow, behind the farm, she's taken it off to mend it.

Being without malice, she hasn't taken care to conceal herself from the lane. Now, suddenly, two naughty brats pass by.

HEY, COULD YOU TWO LOOK SOMEWHERE ELSE?
DON'T BE MAD! IT'S YOUR HANDS WE'RE LOOKING AT!
WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO LEARN HOW TO SEW!
FOR SURE!
YOU, SEWING?!
SURE... THAT COULD COME IN HANDY!...
CRAC

Hey hey, here's a pretty sight, they observe, hanging over the fence.

Oh, what a big fat lie! It's not the needle they're thinking about pulling!

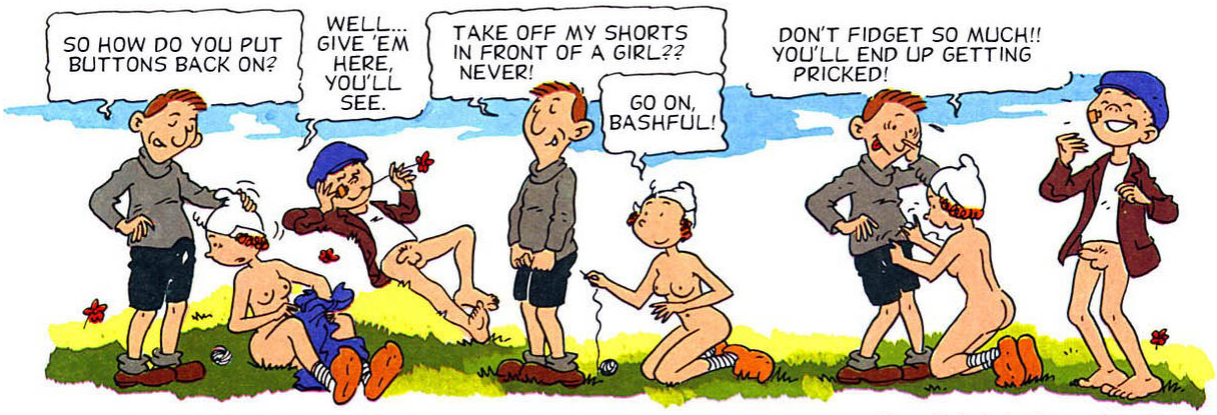
Nice going! In his hurry, Willy has left the seat of his pants on the barbed wire fence.

SEE WHAT I MEAN...
OH, YOUR POOR PANTS! GIVE THEM HERE, I'LL PUT THEM RIGHT!
CAN WE WATCH HOW YOU DO IT?
OKAY... IF YOU FEEL LIKE IT...
UH... FOR SURE!
CLAC
BOOO
AA

The big silly, Trollopine sighs. Now here I am with extra work on my hands.

Forgetting her skimpy clothing, she gallantly gets down to work.

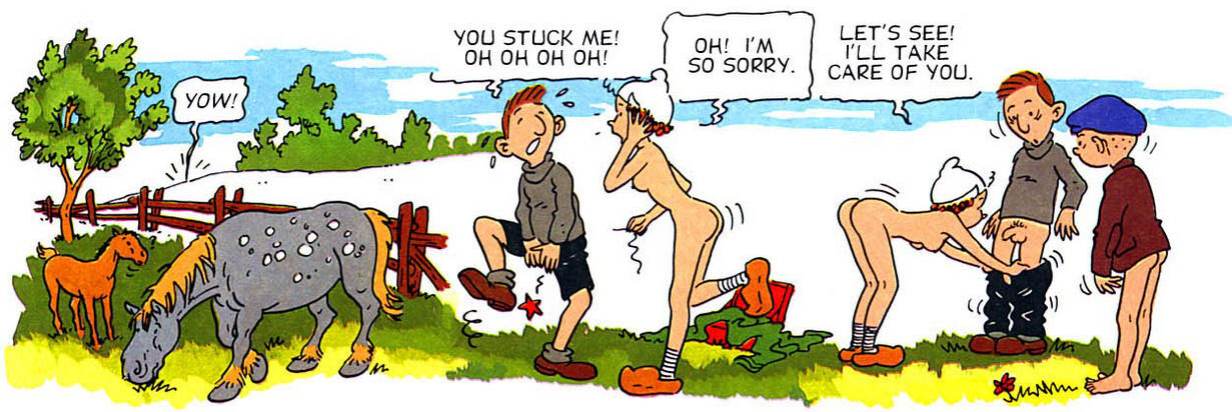
But sometimes, the sight of two little buttons can make a third one pop.


SO HOW DO YOU PUT BUTTONS BACK ON?
WELL... GIVE 'EM HERE, YOU'LL SEE.
TAKE OFF MY SHORTS IN FRONT OF A GIRL?? NEVER!
GO ON, BASHFUL!
DON'T FIDGET SO MUCH!! YOU'LL END UP GETTING PRICKED!

No way!... I swear, they're doing it on purpose!

But gamely, the girl goes out of her way to help the rascal.

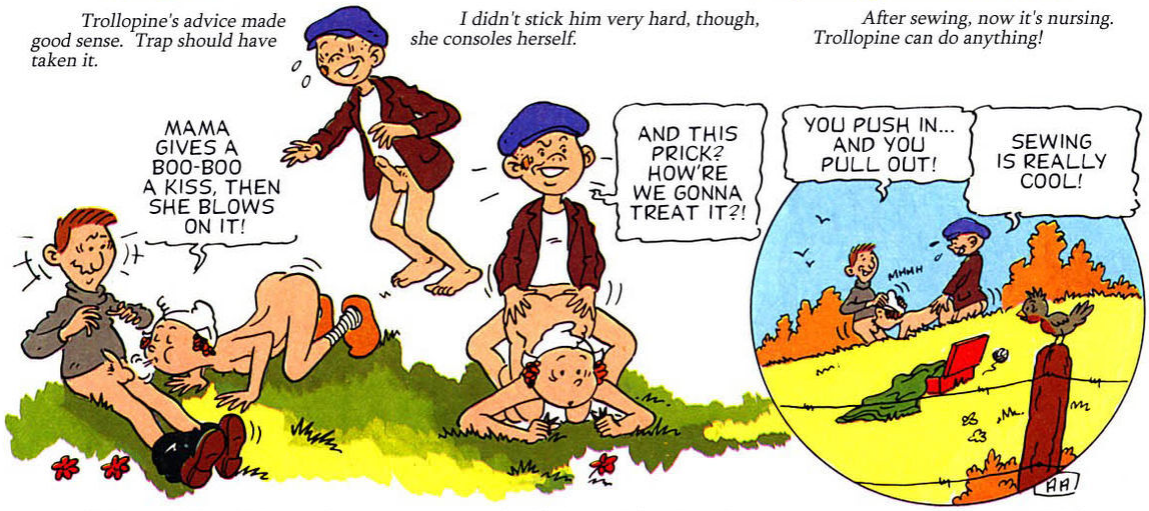
Her agile little hands eagerly work at the damaged fly.



Trollopine's advice made good sense. Trap should have taken it.

I didn't stick him very hard, though, she consoles herself.

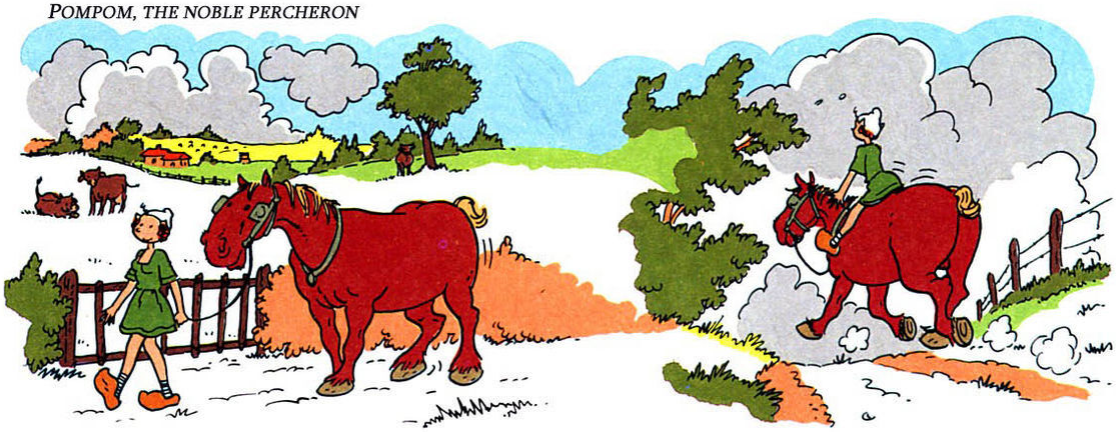
After sewing, now it's nursing. Trollopine can do anything!


MAMA GIVES A BOO-BOO A KISS, THEN SHE BLOWS ON IT!
AND THIS PRICK? HOW'RE WE GONNA TREAT IT?!
YOU PUSH IN... AND YOU PULL OUT!
SEWING IS REALLY COOL!
MMMH
AH

Sometimes folk remedies work wonders. Trap seemed to be all better.

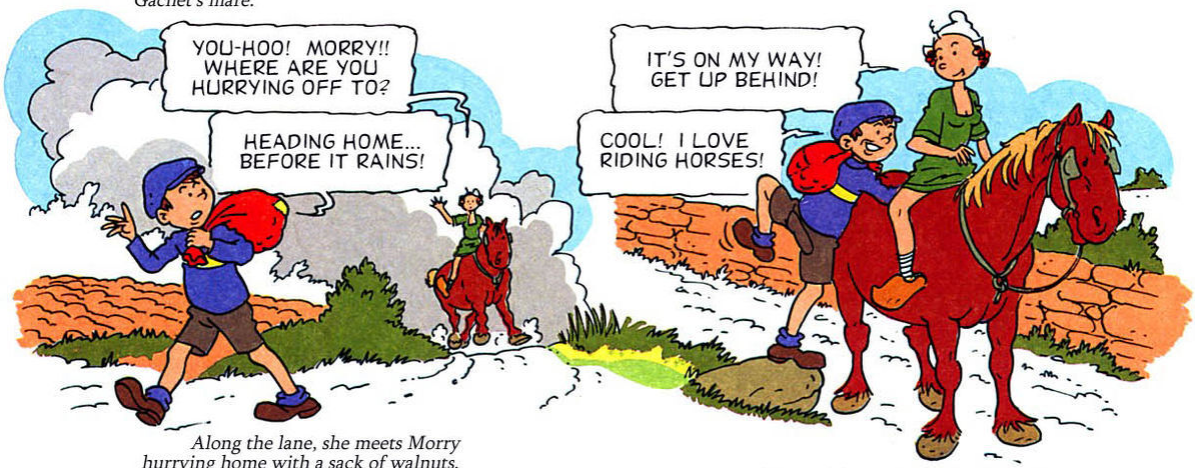
And Willy too! In the eagerness Trollopine has put into her treatment, she's completely forgotten him!

I'm not so sure it's sewing they're interested in, she sighs.



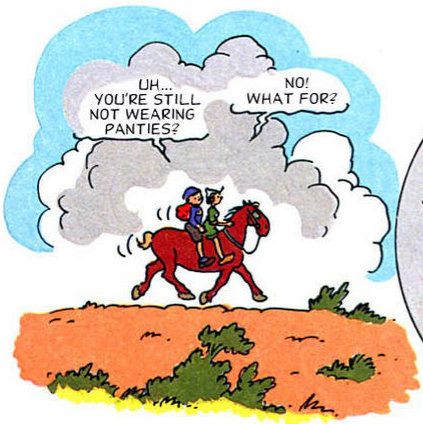
Trollopine's mama has entrusted her with Pompom, the percheron, to take him to cover Plumette, old man Gachet's mare.

But the sky's clouding up. And the Gachet farm is a long way off. To go faster, she mounts Pompom.


YOU-HOO! MORRY!! WHERE ARE YOU HURRYING OFF TO?
HEADING HOME... BEFORE IT RAINS!
IT'S ON MY WAY! GET UP BEHIND!
COOL! I LOVE RIDING HORSES!

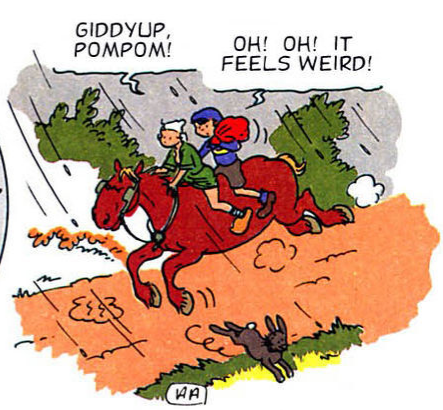
Along the lane, she meets Morry hurrying home with a sack of walnuts.

This can't be too heavy for the noble Pompom! He's so strong!

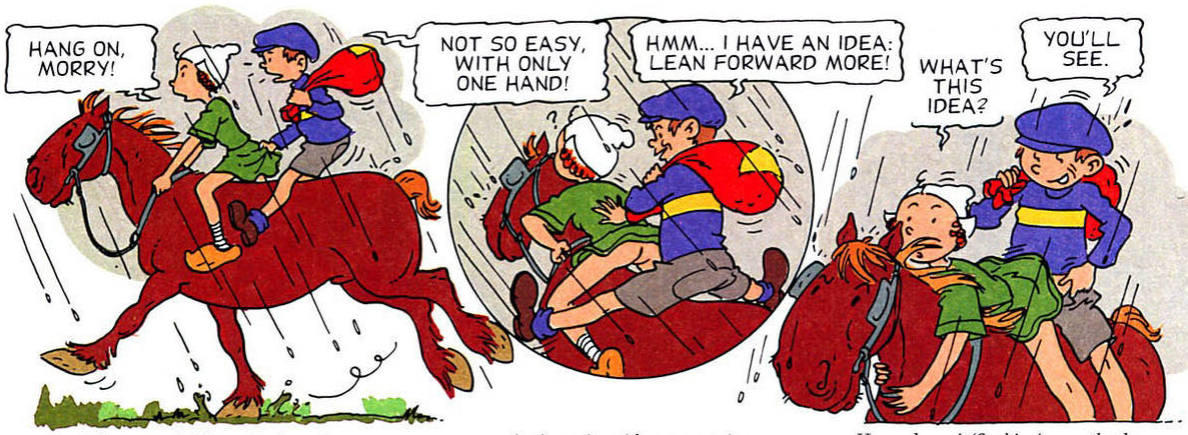


And they set off again, bouncing in cadence with the horse's trot.

Splish... splash... the first drops fall on their noses.



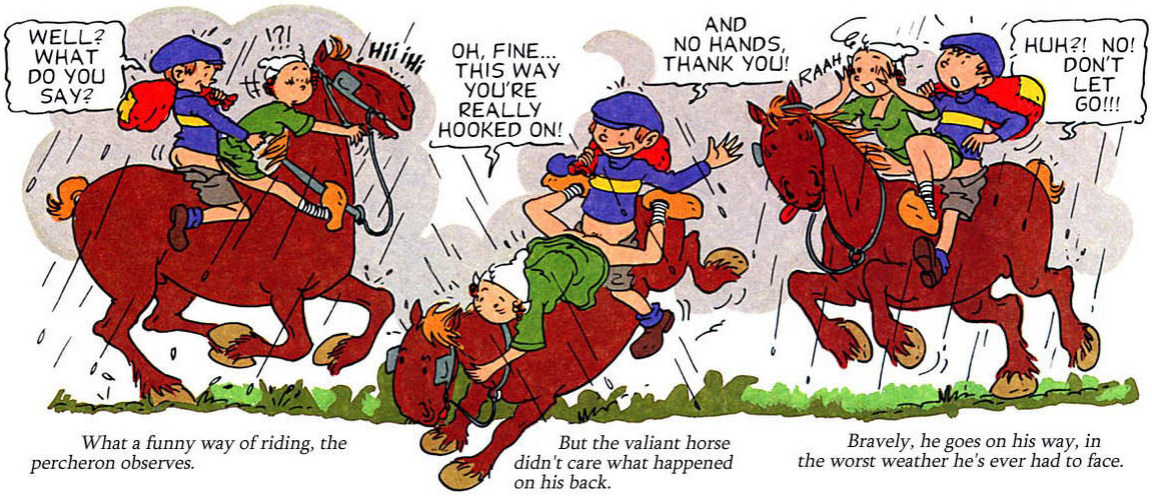
Pompom doesn't have to be told twice. He doesn't like being out in the rain.



Take care, children. In the rain, a horse's back gets slippery.

An ingenious idea sprouts in Morry's head.

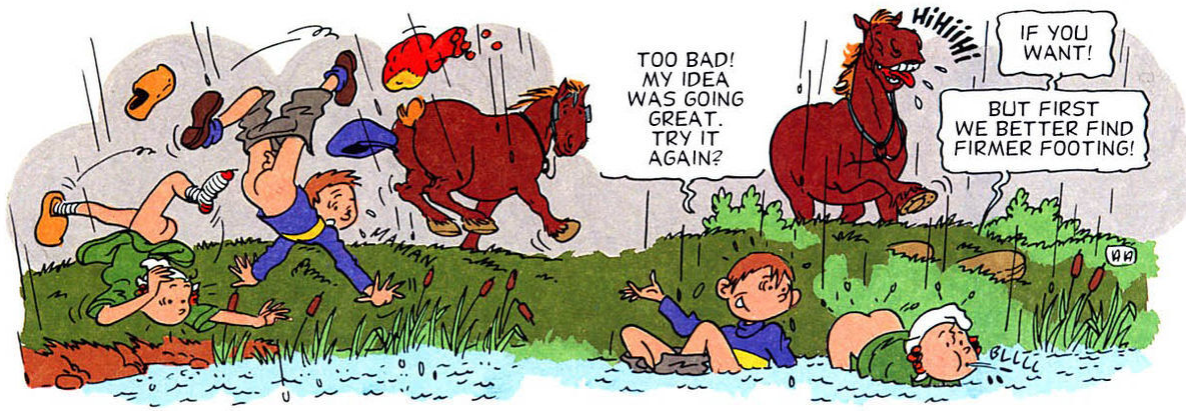
Hmm, hmm! 'See' isn't exactly the right word.



What a funny way of riding, the percheron observes.

But the valiant horse didn't care what happened on his back.

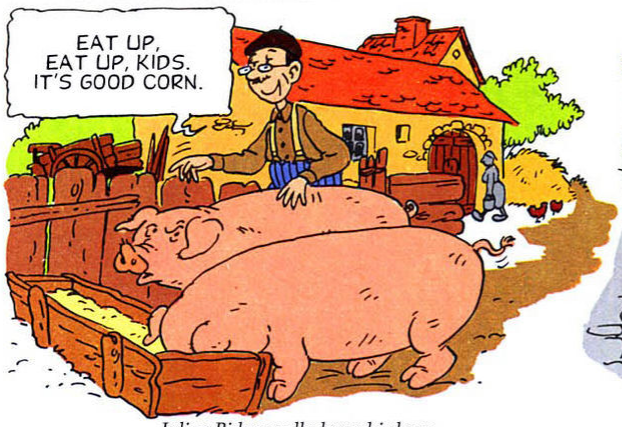
Bravely, he goes on his way, in the worst weather he's ever had to face.



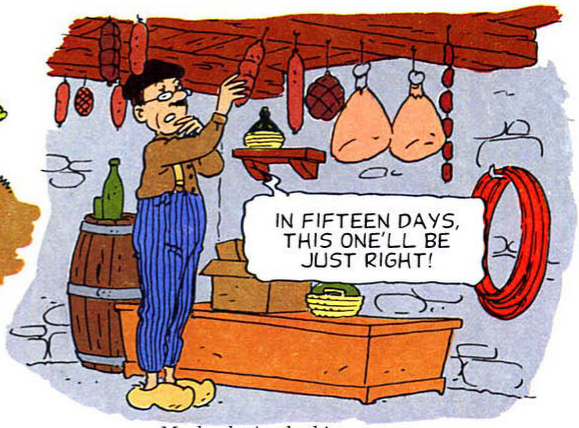
The two rascals hadn't wanted to get wet. They fall into some bad luck.

Trollopine has plenty of good sense! I should have thought of this sooner, Morry exclaims. Quick, let's make up for lost time!

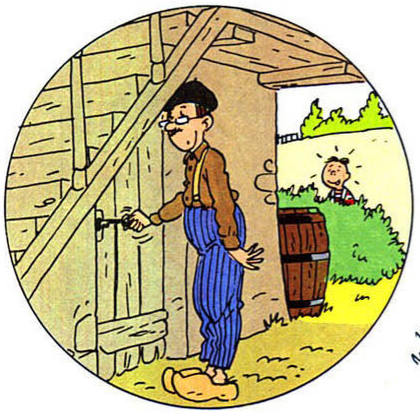
OLD MAN BIDOU'S SAUSAGE



Julian Bidou really loves his hogs. He feeds them well and treats them lovingly.



Maybe that's why his sausages are the best in the area!



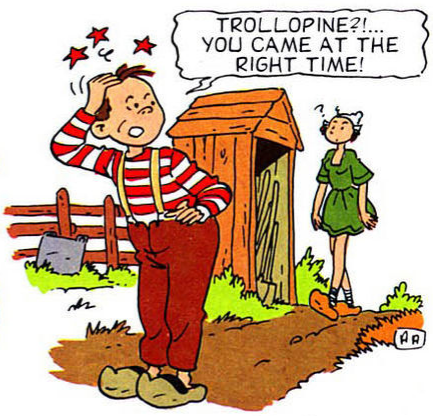
Old man Bidou's storehouse is always locked up tight.

Even his nephew, the voracious Petey, isn't allowed in.

Greedy boys sometimes do very naughty things.

But the fat rascal is stymied. His waistline keeps him from getting in.

And worse luck, a voice makes him jump! Damn! Has he been caught?



Whew! It's only Trollopine. And she's so skinny, Petey notices, getting an idea.

HEY, YOU'RE GETTING FAT!
YOU THINK SO?
YEAH, FOR SURE! I'LL BET YOU COULDN'T EVEN GET THROUGH THIS WINDOW.
SEE, I GO RIGHT IN!
YES, BUT ALL OF YOU? CAN YOU GET ALL THE WAY IN?

Why this huge fib?

The rascal, he wants to use her to pull off his crime.

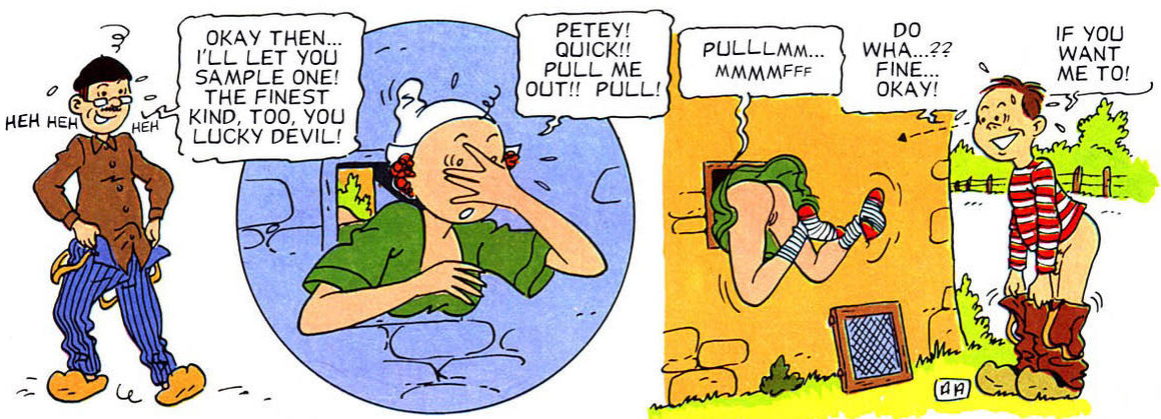
The naive Trollopine falls for it headlong.

OH YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. MY BUTT WON'T GO THROUGH.
A MEAL WITHOUT SAUSAGE, IS NO MEAL AT ALL!
I'LL GIVE YOU A PUSH! HUH?! YOU'RE NOT WEARING PANTIES?
WHAT FOR?
WELL, WELL... IT'S LITTLE TROLLOPINE! MY SAUSAGES INTEREST YOU?
UH... NO! I...

Bad luck! That day, Julian has no sausage on his table.

Julian Bidou is the kindest of men. There's not much that can make him lose his cool.

But if you touch his stock of sausages, he's capable of the worst rage.


HEH HEH HEH
OKAY THEN... I'LL LET YOU SAMPLE ONE! THE FINEST KIND, TOO, YOU LUCKY DEVIL!
PETEY! QUICK!! PULL ME OUT!! PULL!
PULLLMM... MMMMFFF
DO WHA...?? FINE... OKAY!
IF YOU WANT ME TO!

But that day, seeing Trollopine's crestfallen little face, he's rather inclined toward clemency.

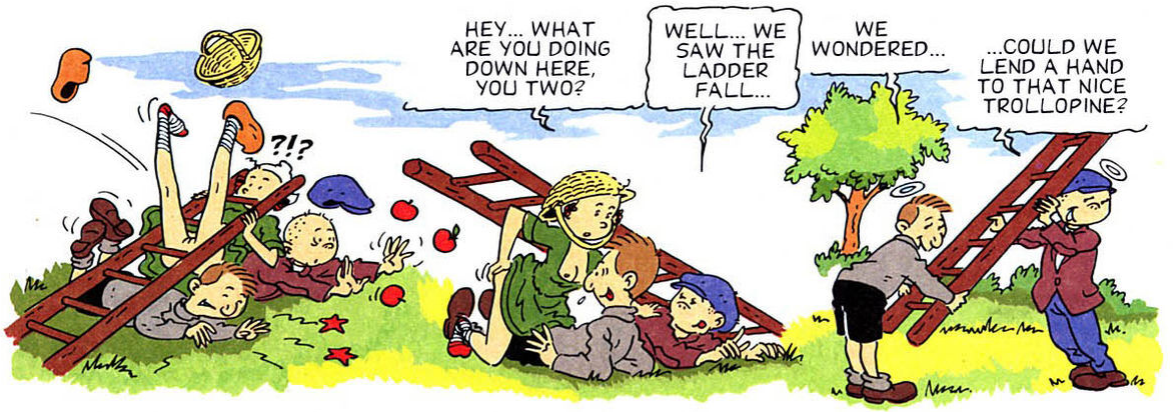
Oh!... now she has a better understanding of why old man Bidou's sausage is so famous.

Nature has granted Petey the same advantages as his uncle Julian. Bon appetit, Trollopine!

This morning, Trollopine has decided to go pick cherries.

Bravely, she climbs the biggest cherry tree in the orchard.

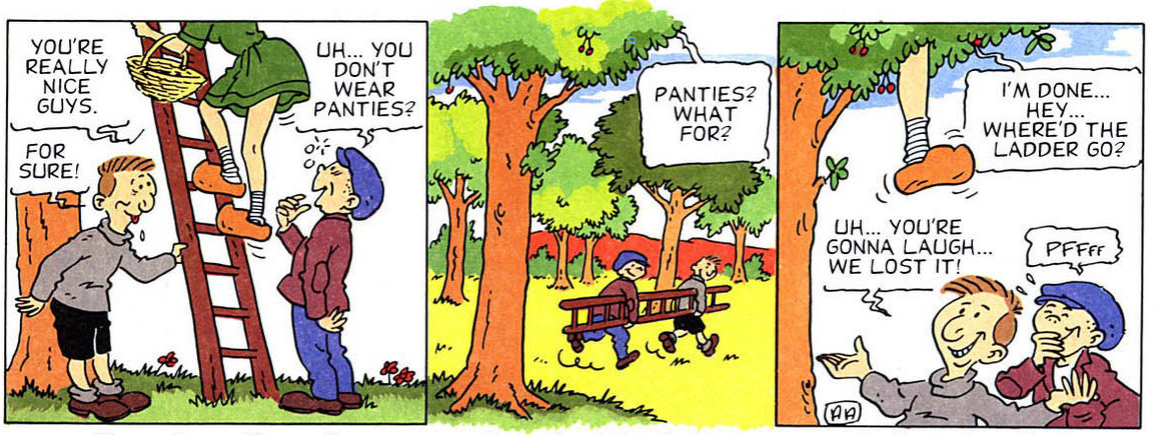
Oh! Oh! Oh! The clumsy girl has set up her ladder wrong. She'll break her neck.


?!?
HEY... WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE, YOU TWO?
WELL... WE SAW THE LADDER FALL...
WE WONDERED...
...COULD WE LEND A HAND TO THAT NICE TROLLOPINE?

But no! To her great surprise, she lands softly on those two rascals Trip and Willy.

The naughty little liars! They came to swipe apples.

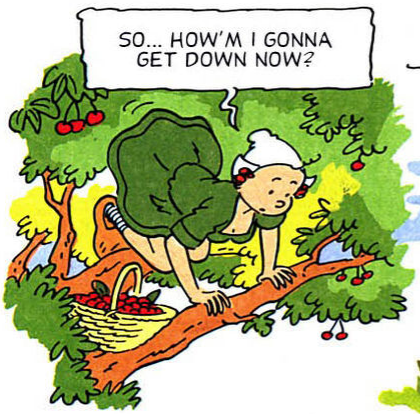
Could those scamps be on the road to repentance?



The question would arouse the suspicions of anyone but our naive Trollopine.

Busy at her picking, she doesn't notice the little scoundrels' maneuver.

Really nice, but really absent-minded, Trollopine thinks.

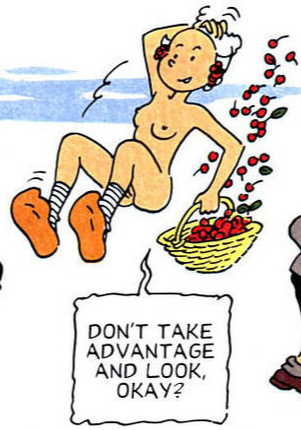


The tree is too high for her to jump... without upsetting her little breadbasket.

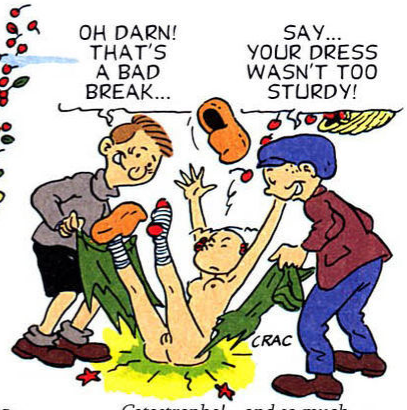
Funny idea...

What did I tell you!...

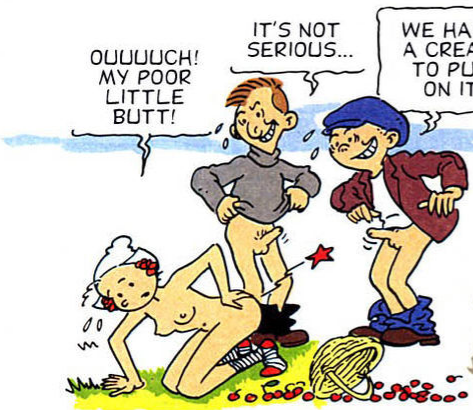
Trollopine, having no other, finds this idea really fine!



Actually, they're not looking... elsewhere!



Catastrophe!... and so much work to put it to rights.

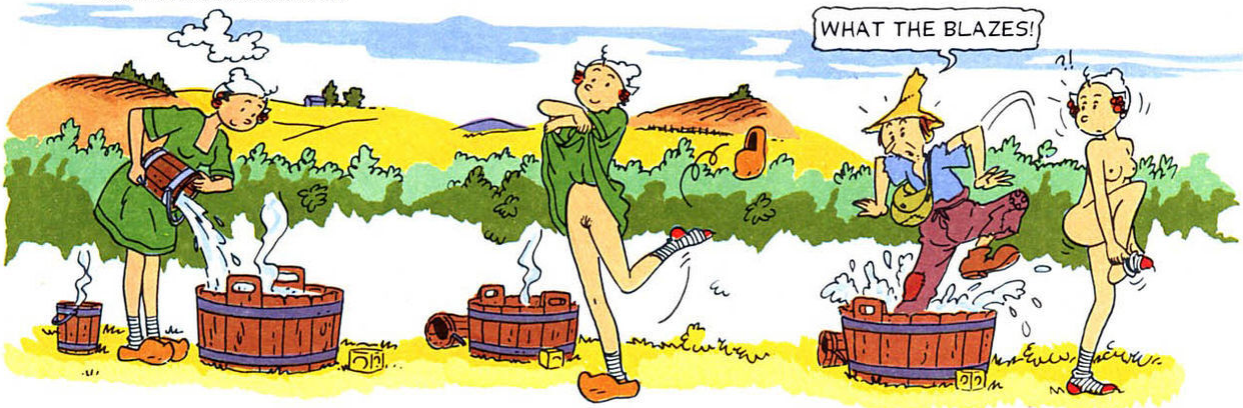


In fact, it isn't tubes of cream that will soothe her pain!

At the neighboring farm, Marie Pinchu, though hard of hearing, is concerned about the racket.

Right... she isn't going to forget this plucking.

TROLLOPINE TAKES A BATH



Behind the hedge, Trollopine fills a big tub with nice hot water.

What a pleasure to take a bath in the sun.

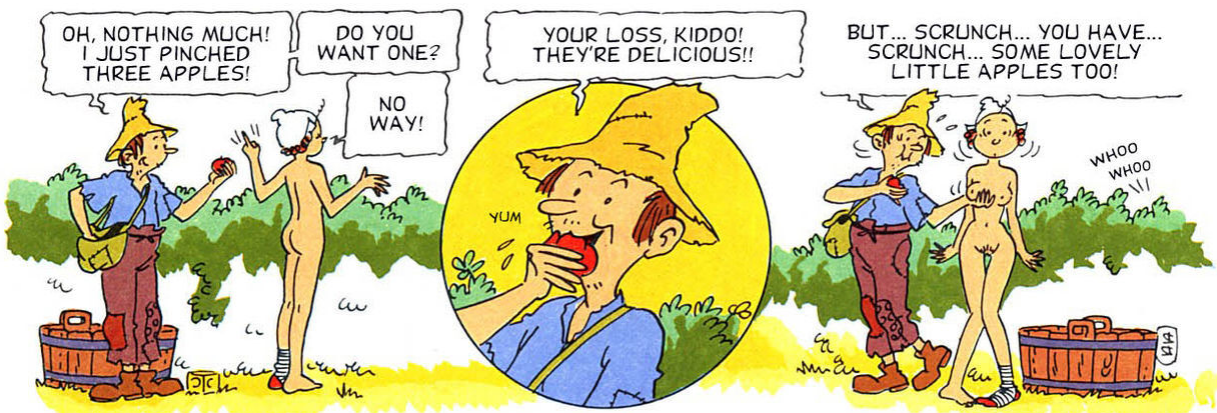
SPLASH! All at once she finds a man right in her bathtub!

HEY!... SORRY TO BOTHER YOU!
OOH! 'SCUSE ME!
I DIDN'T KNOW! I'M TURNING AROUND!
THAT'S NICE. BUT I'D RATHER YOU GOT OUT OF MY BATH!
SORRY!... I WAS IN SUCH A HURRY TO HIDE...
WHY?

This person is peculiar; his clothes are all tattered. He's a tramp.

But he's very polite... and also very distracted.

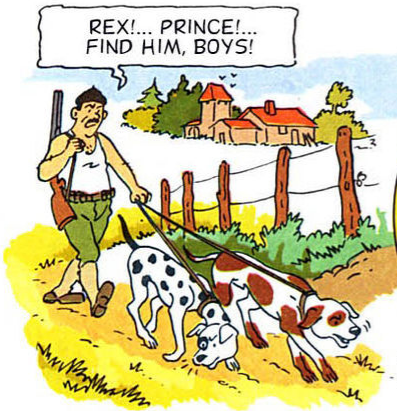
Trollopine is intrigued. Here's a real mystery. She loves mysteries.


OH, NOTHING MUCH! I JUST PINCHED THREE APPLES!
DO YOU WANT ONE?
NO WAY!
YOUR LOSS, KIDDO! THEY'RE DELICIOUS!!
YUM
BUT... SCRUNCH... YOU HAVE... SCRUNCH... SOME LOVELY LITTLE APPLES TOO!
WHOO WHOO

Bravo, Trollopine: "A stolen apple is never sweet!"

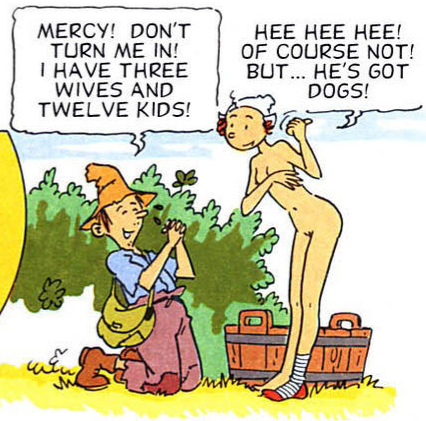
"Be wary of strangers who crunch apples too readily", her mama had taught her.

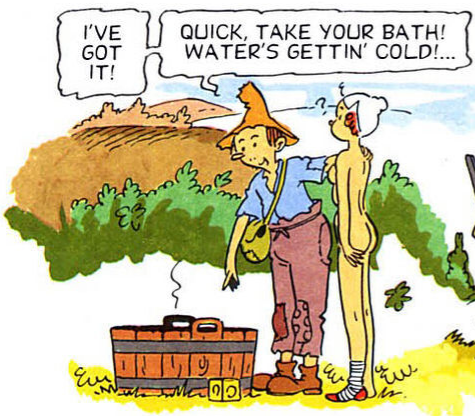
And they seem to have admirers.



Unlucky, that tramp. The orchard's owner likes to hunt. He doesn't lose a trail easily.

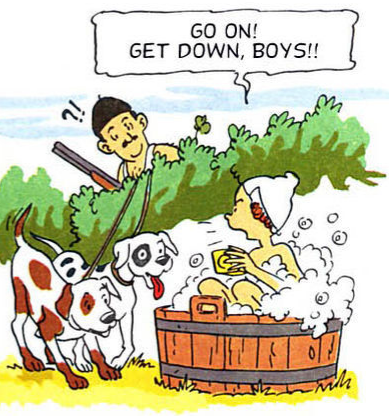
All this for a few miserable apples! Oh, baby! The life of a hobo is getting hard!





Funny fellow. He doesn't seem to take anything seriously, Trollopine notes with surprise.

Rex and Prince do their job. They really are noble beasts!



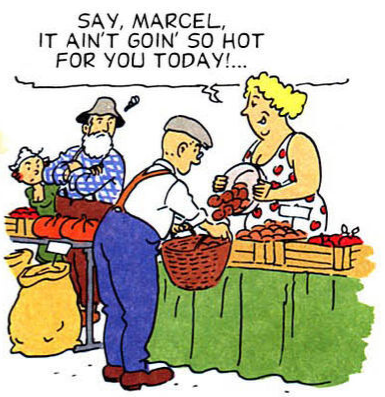
Their specialty is waterfowl.

Sheepishly, they go looking elsewhere. Maybe with a bit of luck they'll flush out a quail.

But what's happened to the tramp?

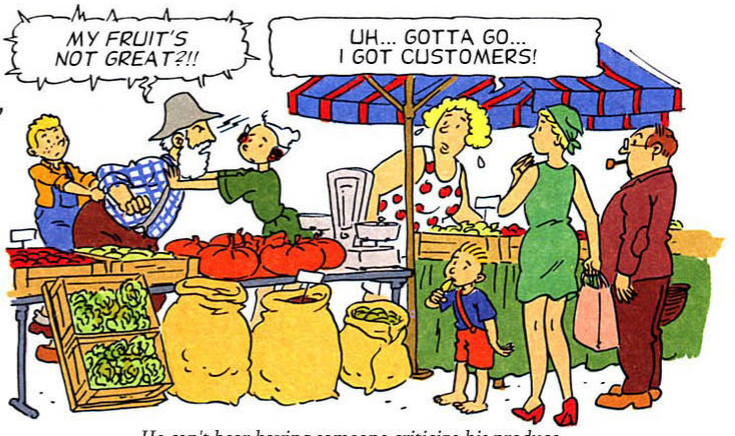
The cunning little devil! He's slid into the tub!... And more besides...

It's market day in Ballin-on-Trollop. Trollopine and Stu are here to help uncle Marcel.

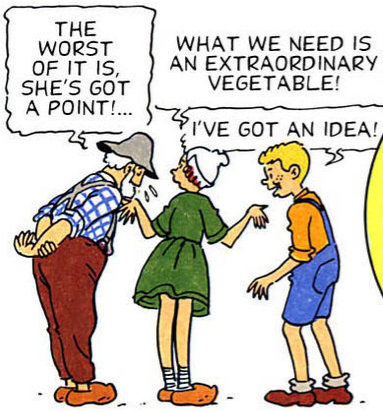


Big Bertha can yell really loud. Everybody is buying from her.

Uncle Marcel is very proud of his truck garden.

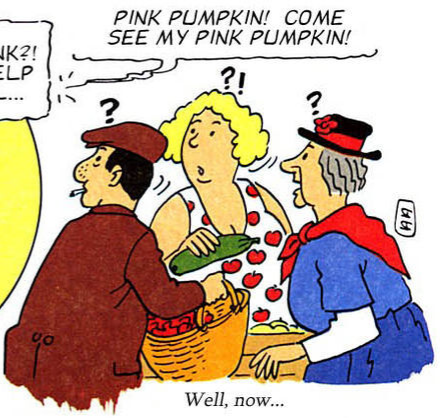


He can't bear having someone criticize his produce. He's beside himself!



But his anger doesn't last, because, at bottom, he's not malicious. Trollopine and Stu really want to help him.

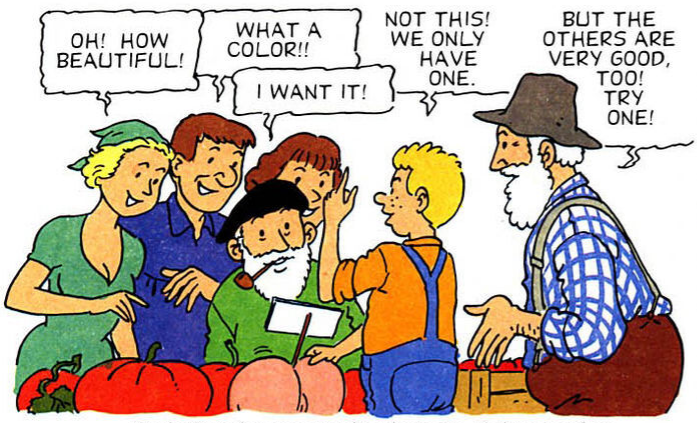
Trollopine adores Uncle Marcel, despite his thick beard and gruff manner.



Well, now...

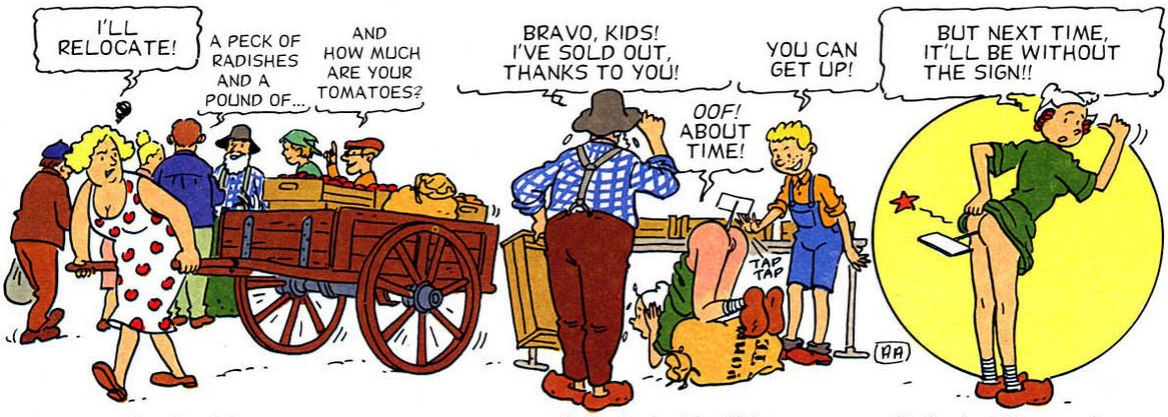
He knows how to yell too.

With a naturally strong curiosity, the Ballintrollopites prick up their ears at the news. Stu has hit the bullseye.



Uncle Marcel grows pumpkins lovingly. He has passed on his passion to his son.

Big Bertha isn't too patient. Too bad for her.


I'LL RELOCATE!
A PECK OF RADISHES AND A POUND OF...
AND HOW MUCH ARE YOUR TOMATOES?
BRAVO, KIDS! I'VE SOLD OUT, THANKS TO YOU!
OOF! ABOUT TIME!
YOU CAN GET UP!
TAP TAP
BUT NEXT TIME, IT'LL BE WITHOUT THE SIGN!!
AA

Bye, Bertha! No hard feelings!... Nobody holds a grudge in Ballin-on-Trollop.

Trollopine is a bit stiff, but very proud of being helpful.

Oh, brother! Her posterior won't soon forget that extraordinary vegetable!

A chore that our Trollopine is eager to undertake.

In summer, she loves the coolness of the high pastures.

I'M CURIOUS TO MEET THESE TWO NEW SHEPHERDS.
BAH BAAH
ARF ARF
PSST! WILLY! LOOK WHO'S COMIN'!
YOU?! OH NO!
MY DRESS IS GONNA GET ALL TORN AGAIN!
YOUR DRESS? WE AIN'T GONNA TOUCH IT!
PROMISE!

Here's the bleating flock already; and the brave Toby, who welcomes her joyously.

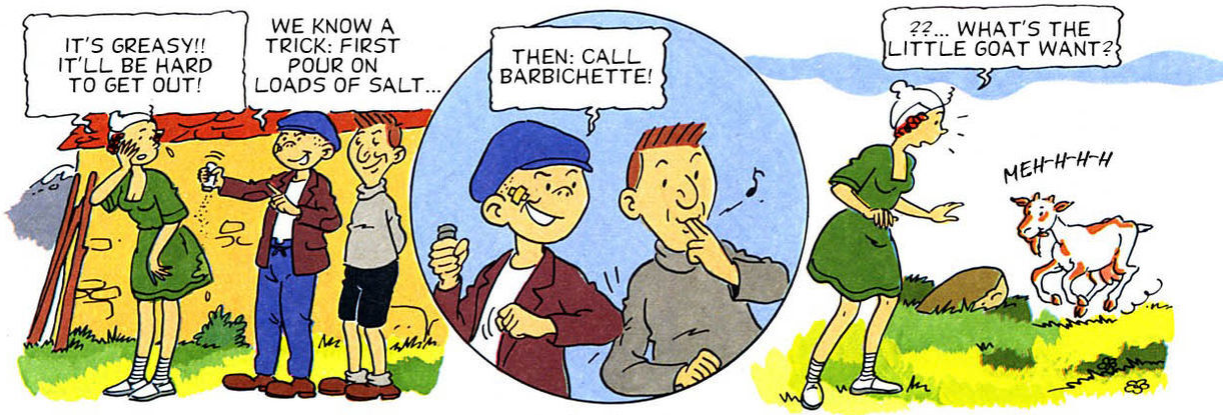
The shepherds spend the whole fair season in the solitude of the mountains.

They're strapping fellows of highly questionable character, despite their young age.

HAVE A BITE TO EAT BEFORE YOU GO DOWN!
I WON'T SAY NO.
I'LL OPEN A CAN OF SPAM.
IT'LL BE REAL YUMM...EEEEEEE!!
OH, DARN! MY DRESS IS ALL SOILED, SO EARLY IN THE DAY!
AA

Oh! The clumsy oaf! He's not even looking where he's going!

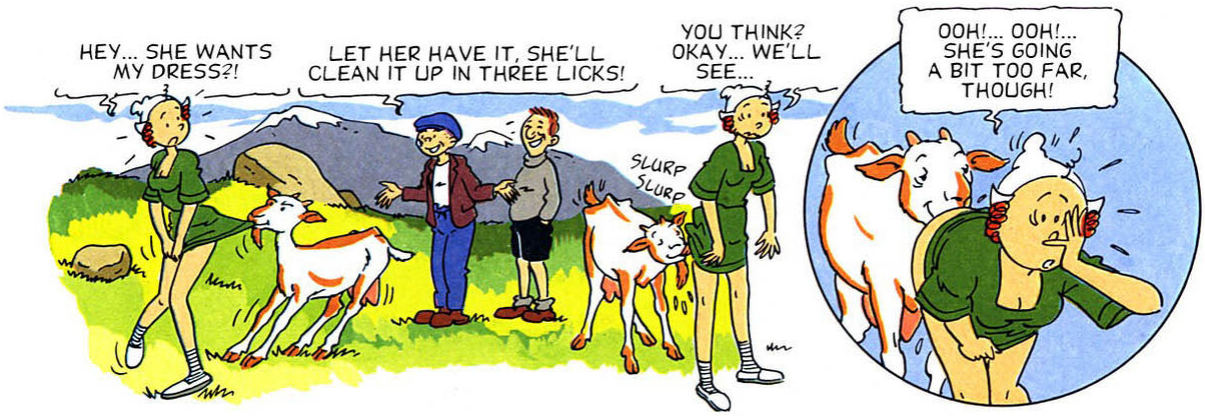
But Trollopine forgives him. He was in such a hurry to serve her!...


IT'S GREASY!! IT'LL BE HARD TO GET OUT!
WE KNOW A TRICK: FIRST POUR ON LOADS OF SALT...
THEN: CALL BARBICHETTE!
??... WHAT'S THE LITTLE GOAT WANT?
MEH-H-H-H

Our two pals have more than one trick up their sleeve.

The fine little fellows!...

Not only is the whole flock of sheep in their charge...


HEY... SHE WANTS MY DRESS?!
LET HER HAVE IT, SHE'LL CLEAN IT UP IN THREE LICKS!
YOU THINK? OKAY... WE'LL SEE...
SLURP SLURP
OOH!... OOH!... SHE'S GOING A BIT TOO FAR, THOUGH!

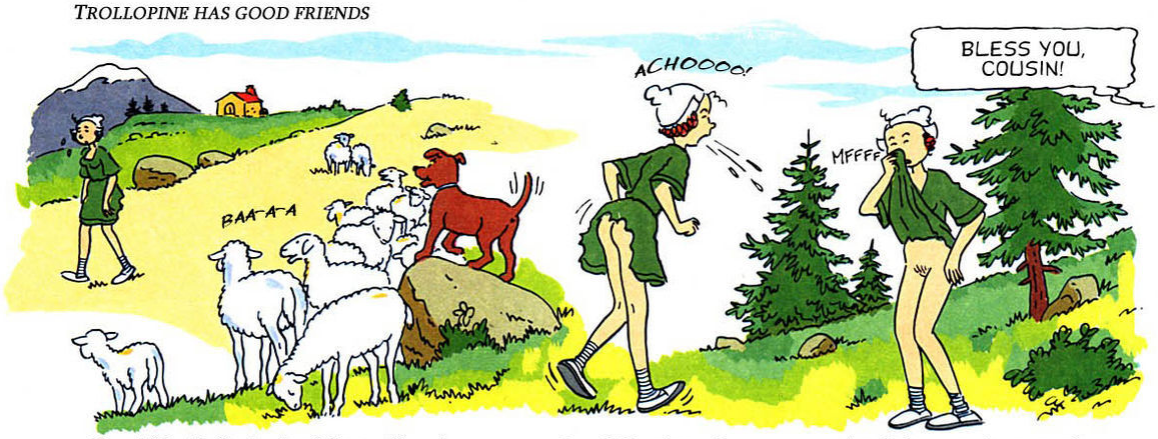
...but they watch over a good dozen alert goats, too.

Barbichette is the hungriest of them all.

The driest, spiniest thistle can't resist her rapacious tongue.

And when she leaves a bush, it's as naked as a jaybird.

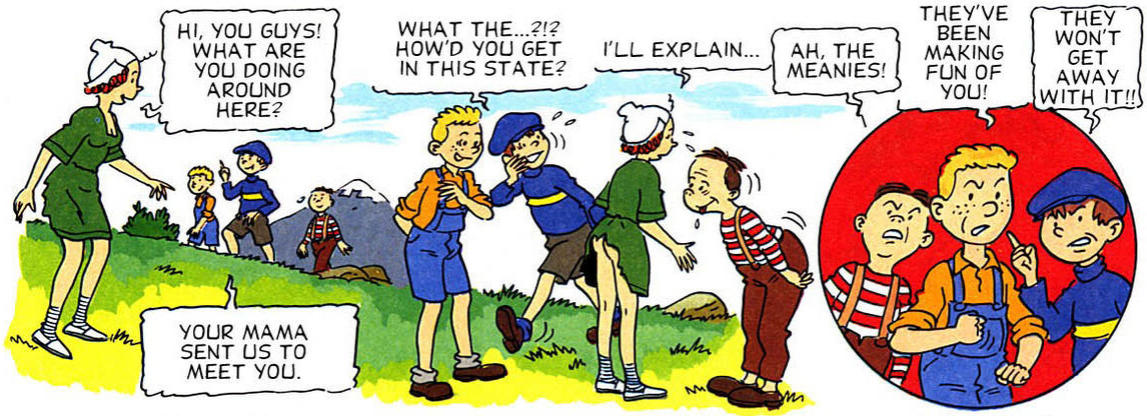
And Trollopine's already imagining her mama's face, when she sees her come home in that state! Oh, brother!...



Sheepishly, Trollopine heads home; "Baaa," says the flock in farewell.

Poor kid!... the cool mountain breeze on her posterior is making her sneeze.

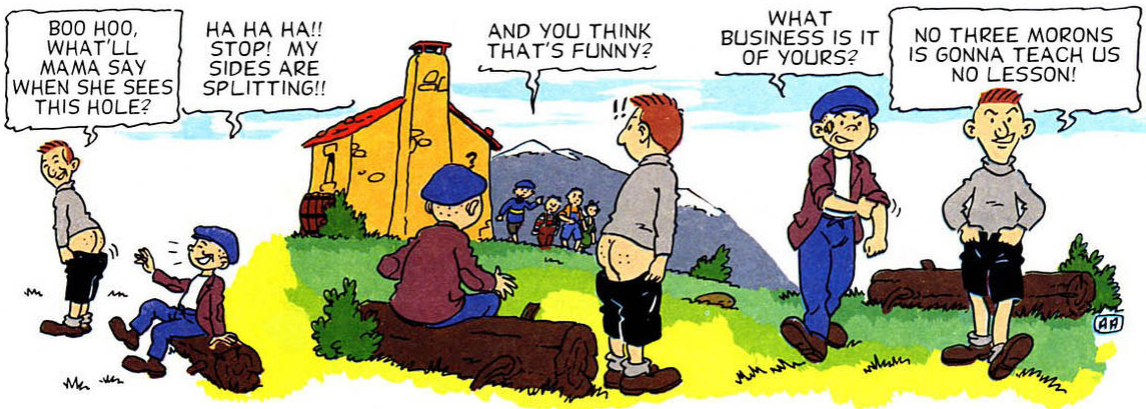
A well-known voice responds. Good heavens, sighs Trollopine.


HI, YOU GUYS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING AROUND HERE?
YOUR MAMA SENT US TO MEET YOU.
WHAT THE...?!? HOW'D YOU GET IN THIS STATE?
I'LL EXPLAIN...
AH, THE MEANIES!
THEY'VE BEEN MAKING FUN OF YOU!
THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!!

Nice of Mama!... She's worried about her daughter's late arrival.

And Trollopine recounts her misadventure in great detail.

What good friends they are! Trollopine is lucky to have them!!


BOO HOO, WHAT'LL MAMA SAY WHEN SHE SEES THIS HOLE?
HA HA HA!! STOP! MY SIDES ARE SPLITTING!!
AND YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY?
!!
WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS?
NO THREE MORONS IS GONNA TEACH US NO LESSON!
AH

Higher up in the mountains, the two rascals are still enjoying their joke.

But what a surprise!... here's their victim, returning... and not alone!

Trap and Willy are very tough.

WE HATE BEING CALLED MORONS!
GRRRR
EVEN SO, DON'T HURT THEM TOO BAD!
BUT YOU...
WE WON'T DO ANYTHING TO THEM! PROMISE!
INSTEAD OF SPAM, I'VE GOT LARD!
PERFECT! YOUR TURN NOW, COUSIN.
I'LL GO FIND THAT NANNY GOAT!

...but Morry is even tougher. And Stu and Petey are no wimps.

Trollopine understands. She knows what has to be done.

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth! Such is the harsh law of the mountains.

They're the butts of their own joke. Well done!!

The four goats, delighted by their meal, are excited!

My lesson in sewing wasn't wasted, Trollopine notes amusedly.

Trollopine is too nice. She's already thinking about coming back up to give them more lessons.

TROLLOPINE GATHERS MUSHROOMS

It's autumn in Ballin-on-Trollop. Trollopine has gone to the woods with her uncle to gather mushrooms.

Uncle Marcel isn't worried. He's never had any trouble in the Nutting Forest.

But as soon as she's alone, Trollopine hears blows resounding behind her.

Carefully, she approaches. Trollopine is very curious.

At the edge of the clearing, she's fascinated by the sight of two lumberjacks chopping in rhythm.

It's too much for Trollopine. She bursts out from the undergrowth, waving her arms.

The lumberjacks wonder, what's gotten into this kid?

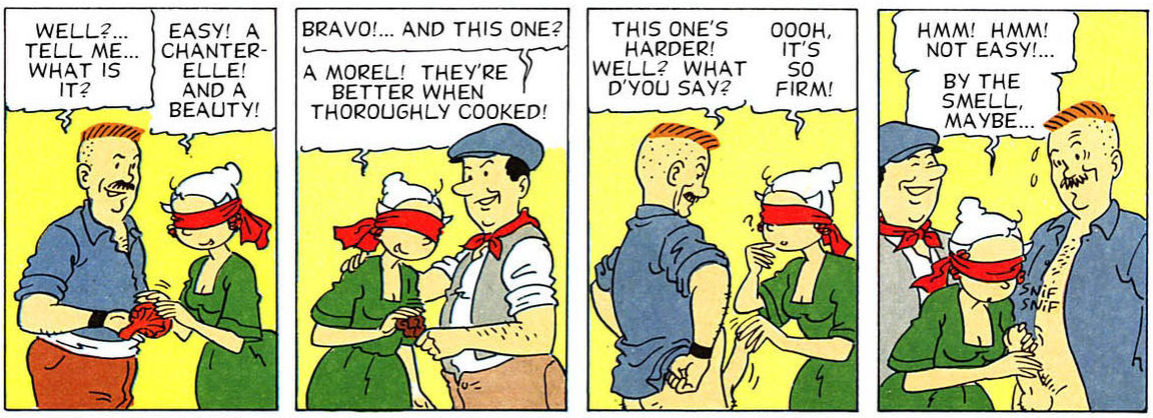
The two giants shake the forest with a great burst of laughter. Oh, the funny little gal!

YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR MUSHROOMS, KID? WE CAN TELL YA WHERE TO FIND 'EM BY THE DOZEN!
BUT CAN YOU TELL THE GOOD ONES FROM THE BAD?
WE WOULDN'T WANT YOUR DEATH ON OUR CONSCIENCE!
NEVER FEAR!... I CAN TELL THEM APART WITH MY EYES CLOSED!
EYES CLOSED? WELL, WELL!
WHAT IF WE TAKE YOU AT YOUR WORD?

These crude fellows don't know Trollopine yet.

She's accompanied her uncle on every picking since she was little.

She very quickly learned the difference between the succulent mushroom and the dreadful poisonous amanita.

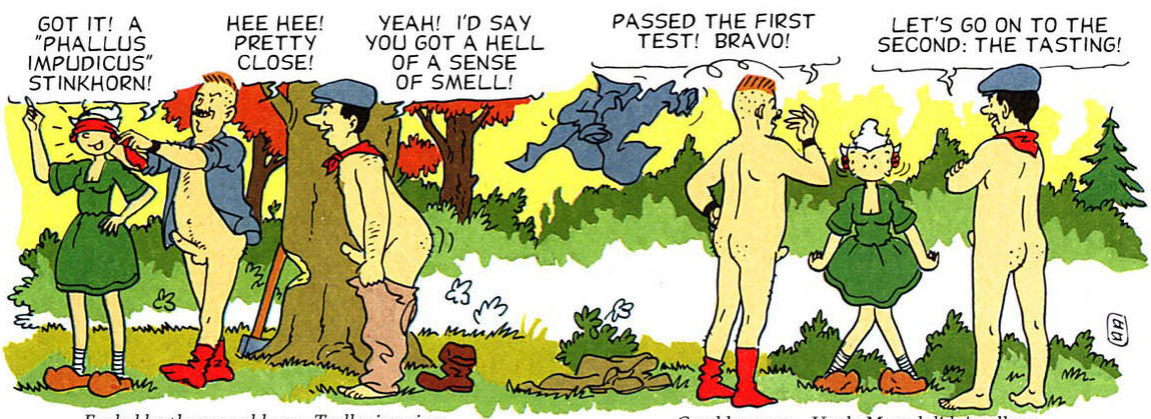

WELL?... TELL ME... WHAT IS IT?
EASY! A CHANTERELLE! AND A BEAUTY!
BRAVO!... AND THIS ONE?
A MOREL! THEY'RE BETTER WHEN THOROUGHLY COOKED!
THIS ONE'S HARDER! WELL? WHAT D'YOU SAY?
OOOH, IT'S SO FIRM!
HMM! HMM! NOT EASY!... BY THE SMELL, MAYBE...
SNIF SNIF

Not only does she like to eat them...

...but she can cook them like a little cordon bleu, too.

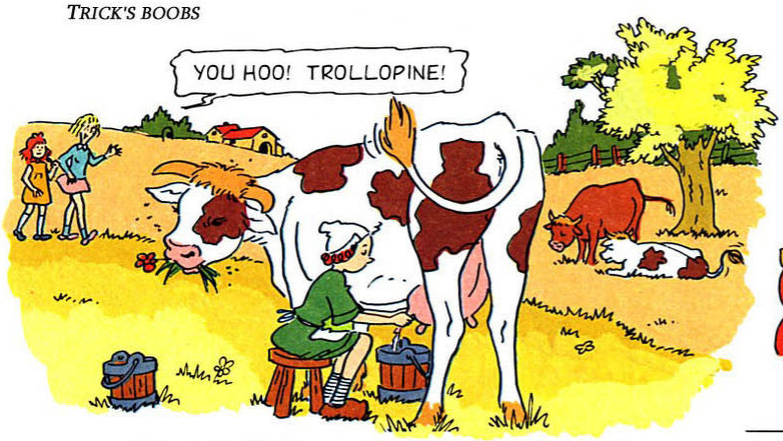
Realizing that she can't be caught out on the subject...

...they maliciously decide to make the test more difficult!


GOT IT! A "PHALLUS IMPUDICUS" STINKHORN!
HEE HEE! PRETTY CLOSE!
YEAH! I'D SAY YOU GOT A HELL OF A SENSE OF SMELL!
PASSED THE FIRST TEST! BRAVO!
LET'S GO ON TO THE SECOND: THE TASTING!

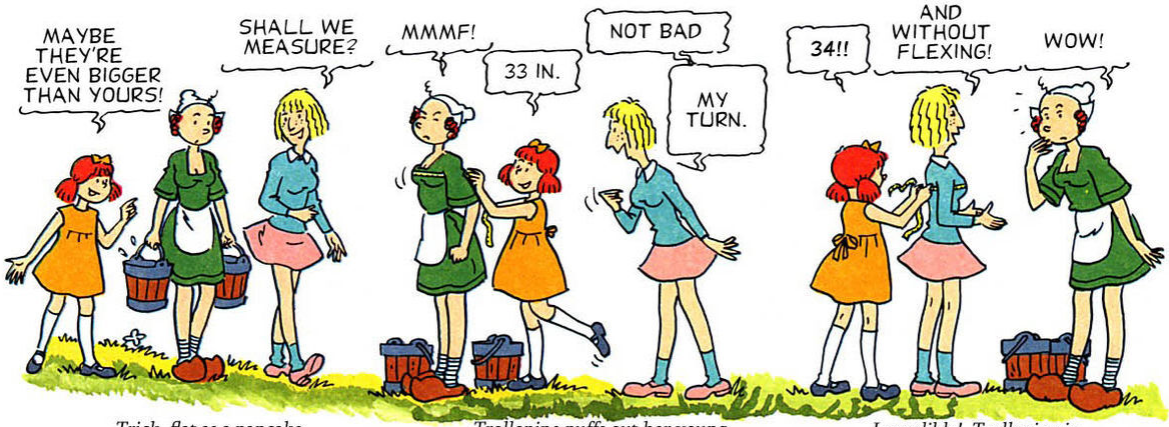
Fooled by the resemblance, Trollopine gives a pretty good answer, by gosh.

Good heavens... Uncle Marcel didn't tell me you could find this type of mushroom in the forest, Trollopine thinks. I'll have to ask him for the details!!



This evening, like every evening, Trollopine milks the cows. She really likes the softness of their udders in the palm of her hand.

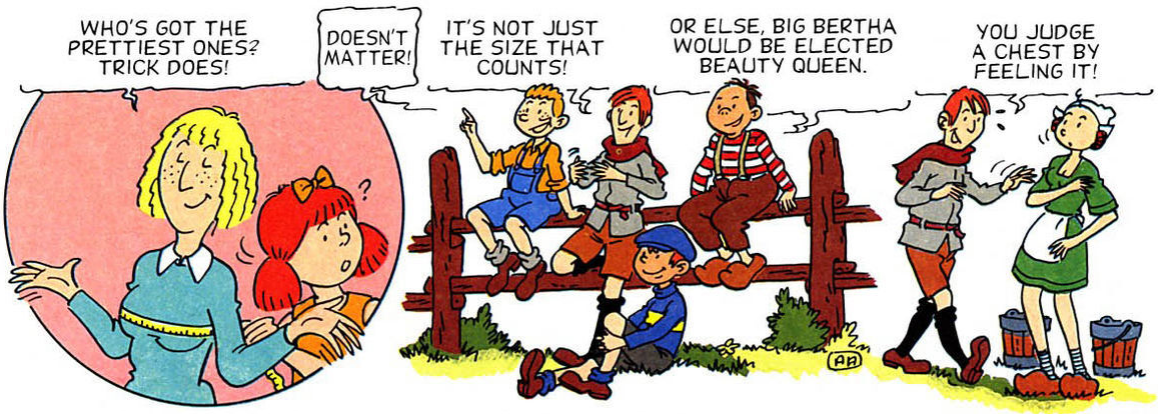
Trick and Gooseberry join her, all excited.



Trick, flat as a pancake, her friends call her. What a transformation!!

Trollopine puffs out her young chest with all her might.

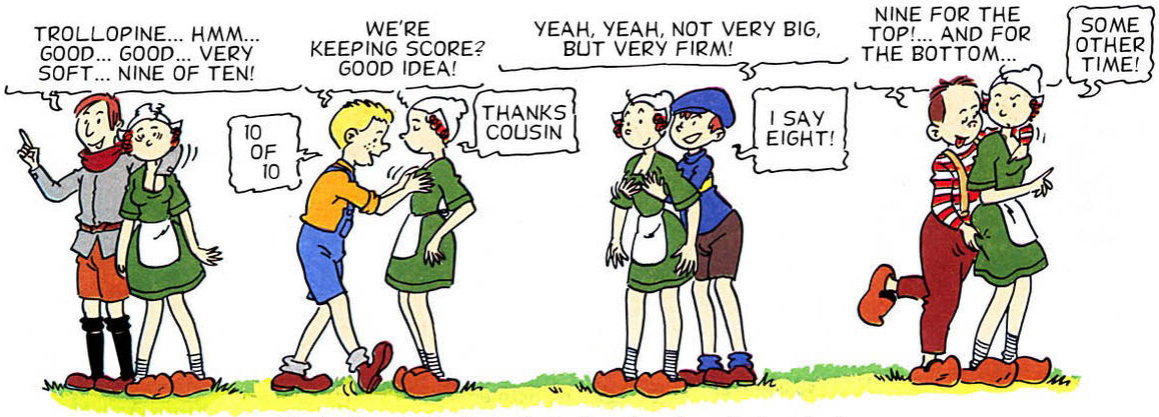
Incredible! Trollopine is amazed!


WHO'S GOT THE PRETTIEST ONES? TRICK DOES!
DOESN'T MATTER!
IT'S NOT JUST THE SIZE THAT COUNTS!
OR ELSE, BIG BERTHA WOULD BE ELECTED BEAUTY QUEEN.
YOU JUDGE A CHEST BY FEELING IT!

She's also got the fattest head, Trollopine mutters...

Two steps away, their friends have watched it all.

It's true, Trollopine nods. A chest isn't just something to be looked at.

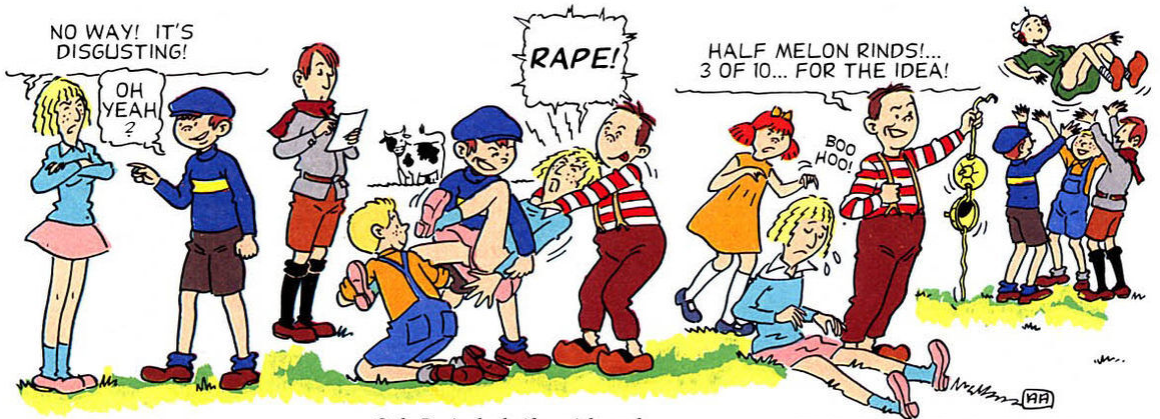

TROLLOPINE... HMM... GOOD... GOOD... VERY SOFT... NINE OF TEN!
10 OF 10
WE'RE KEEPING SCORE? GOOD IDEA!
THANKS COUSIN
YEAH, YEAH, NOT VERY BIG, BUT VERY FIRM!
I SAY EIGHT!
NINE FOR THE TOP!... AND FOR THE BOTTOM...
SOME OTHER TIME!

The last time that Trollopine had to face a jury, it was for her school exams. She hadn't done well. She's hoping she has better luck this time.

Salsify had done well. That's why he gets the job of figuring out the score.

A very good grade! Hard for Trick to do better.

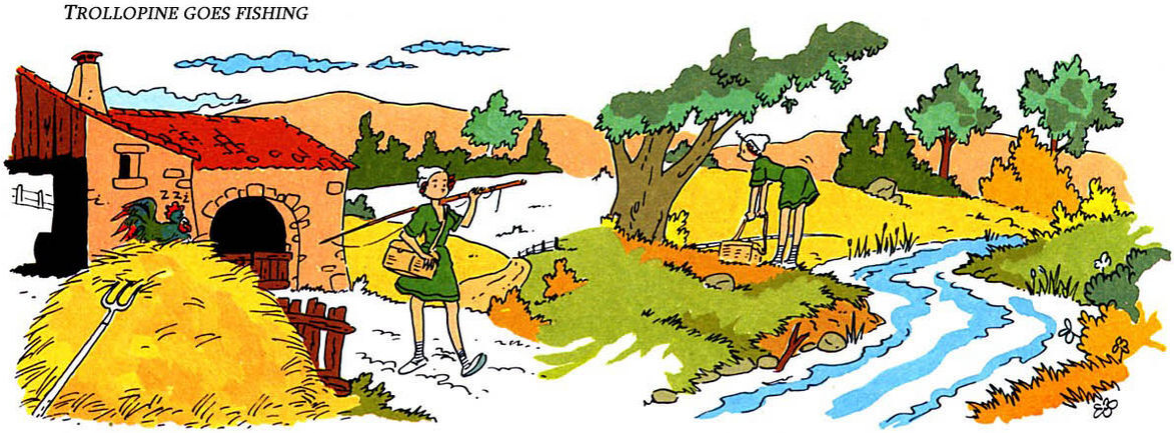
Especially since she doesn't seem to be as willing to face this test as the first one.



But the jury is determined.

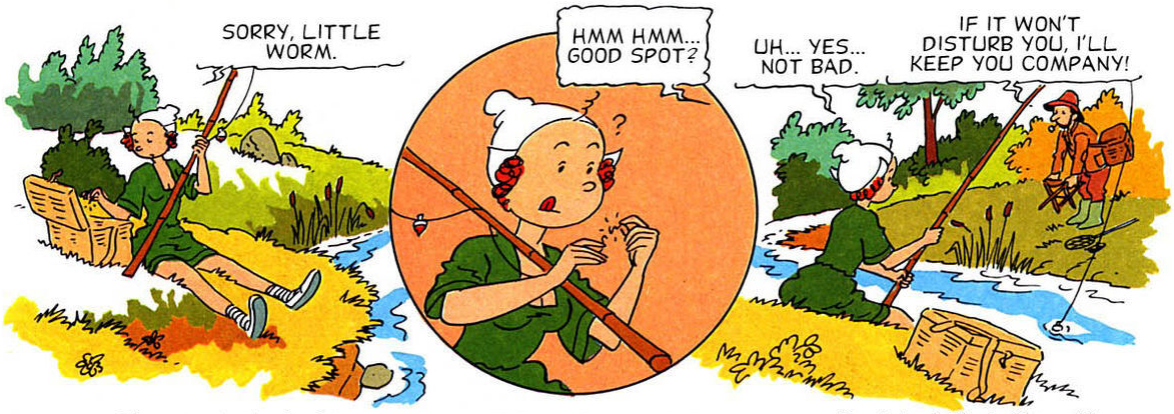
Only Rosie the heifer pricks up her ears at Trick's cries. It's even funnier than watching trains, she ruminates.

Trollopine is quite happy with her victory. And a little sad too; poor Trick, it's not her fault that nature hasn't blessed her!



Everyone on the farm is still asleep. But Trollopine is wide awake -- she's going fishing!

At the riverbank, she sets up in a spot her Uncle Marcel recommended to her.



Then, conscientiously, she prepares her line.

Trollopine loves spending the day beside the water, alone!

Darn! A neighbor!... She could have lied to make him go elsewhere. But the sweet child doesn't know how to lie.

Fortunately, the man isn't a chatterbox.

Good idea!

Next time, Trollopine's going to bring a little bell too.

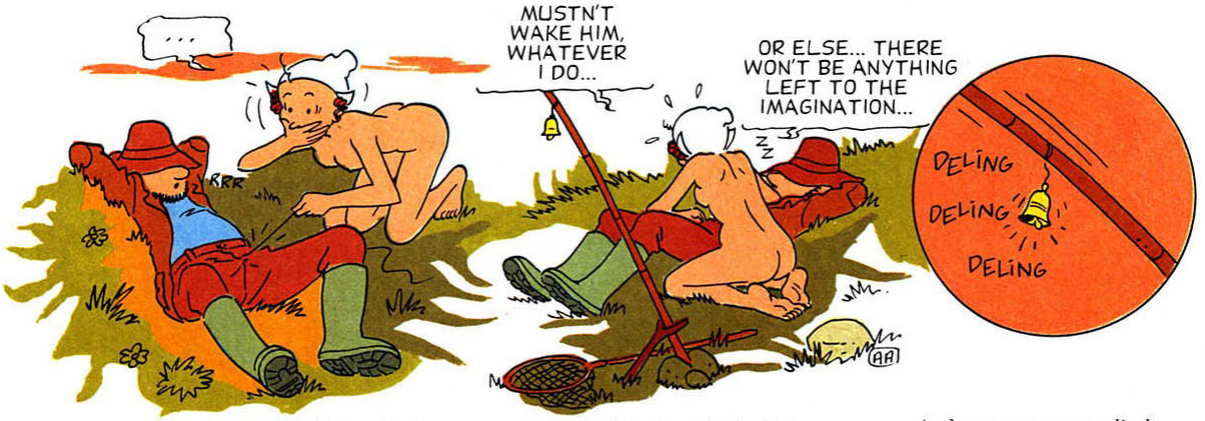
Sssssstt, goes the pole as it whips through the air.

Too hard, Trollopine! The little hook is caught on the other bank.

Trollopine doesn't want to break her line.

At that place, the river is deeper than it is wide. Quickly, she crosses.

Lucky: the man is sleeping like a log.



Surprise! The mischievous hook is planted right into the sleeper's fly!

Delicately, she grabs the fabric of his pants...

At that very moment, a lively trout finally decides to take the bait. Good fishing, Trollopine!

In Ballin-on-Trollop, after the harvest, great stacks of straw decorate the fields.

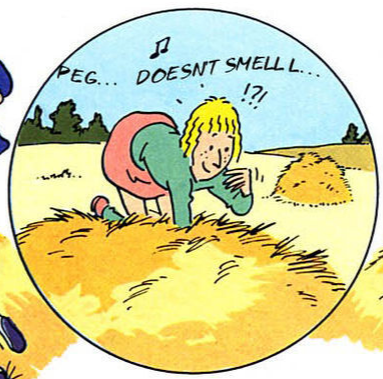
It's the much-awaited moment to play hide-the-peg.

A totally simple game! All you have to do is find a peg hidden in a haystack.

On signal, the players joyfully spring forward to attack the haystack.

A perilous ascent! No holds barred!

At the summit, the search begins, to the tune of a traditional song.



When a player lays hands on the object, she absolutely must not let it show.

One trick is to hide it discreetly under one's clothes.

Tr. Note: a more literal translation of the song is: "The first to find it / Doesn't have a cork in his ass..."

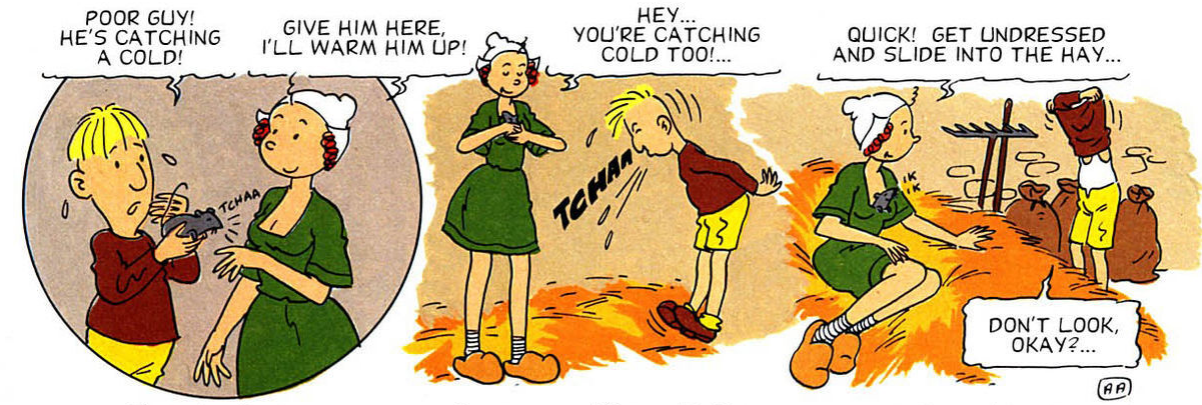
It's threatening rain. Quick! Have to bring in the hay.

Here come the first drops. They're very large. The fields will be really soaked.

Timmy imprudently let himself get surprised by the storm.

Trollopine's hayloft is the nearest shelter.

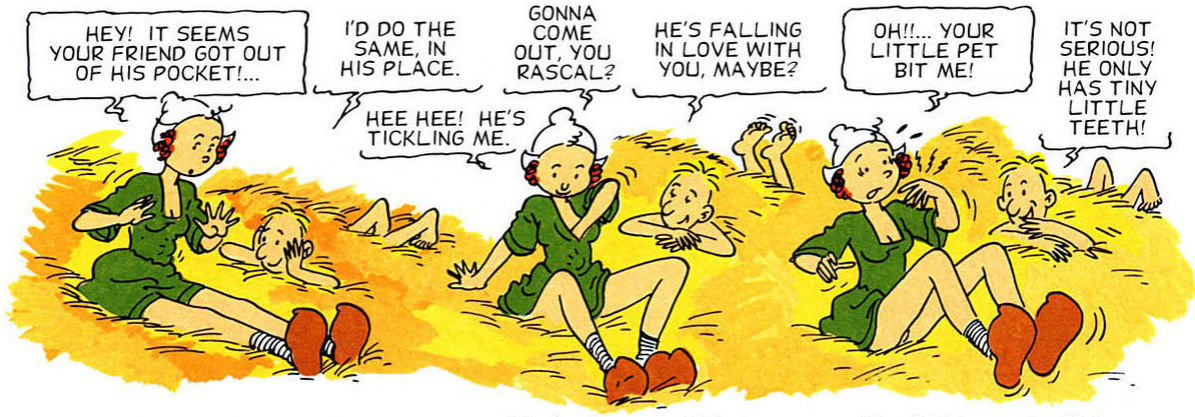
Out on a walk, Timmy found a little field rat. They've been inseparable ever since.


POOR GUY! HE'S CATCHING A COLD!
GIVE HIM HERE, I'LL WARM HIM UP!
HEY... YOU'RE CATCHING COLD TOO!...
TCHAA
QUICK! GET UNDRESSED AND SLIDE INTO THE HAY...
DON'T LOOK, OKAY?...
AA

The rat is soaking wet.

Timmy sure would love to join Riton in Trollopine's blouse. But there's no room for two!

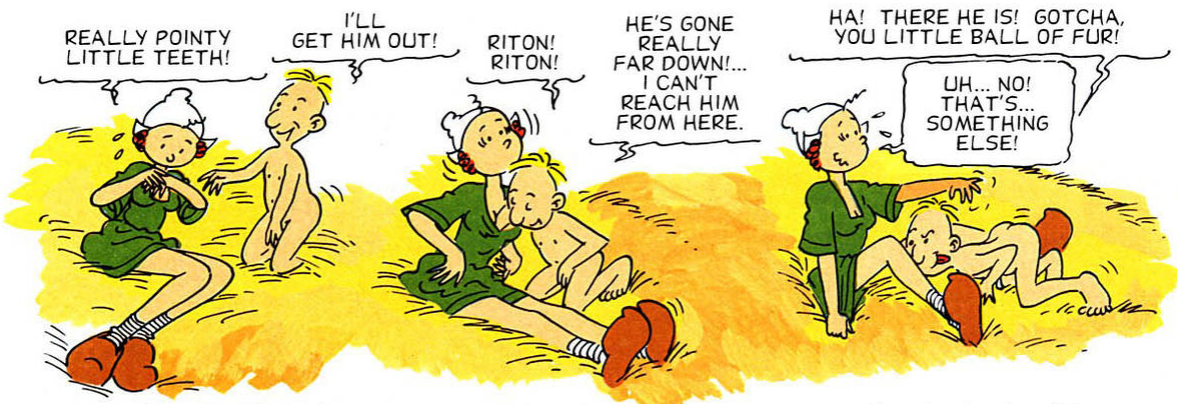
Trollopine always gives good advice. She watches over her friends like a big sister.


HEY! IT SEEMS YOUR FRIEND GOT OUT OF HIS POCKET!...
I'D DO THE SAME, IN HIS PLACE.
HEE HEE! HE'S TICKLING ME.
GONNA COME OUT, YOU RASCAL?
HE'S FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU, MAYBE?
OH!!... YOUR LITTLE PET BIT ME!
IT'S NOT SERIOUS! HE ONLY HAS TINY LITTLE TEETH!

Perking up, Riton decides to do a little exploration.

This place is warm and full of soft recesses.

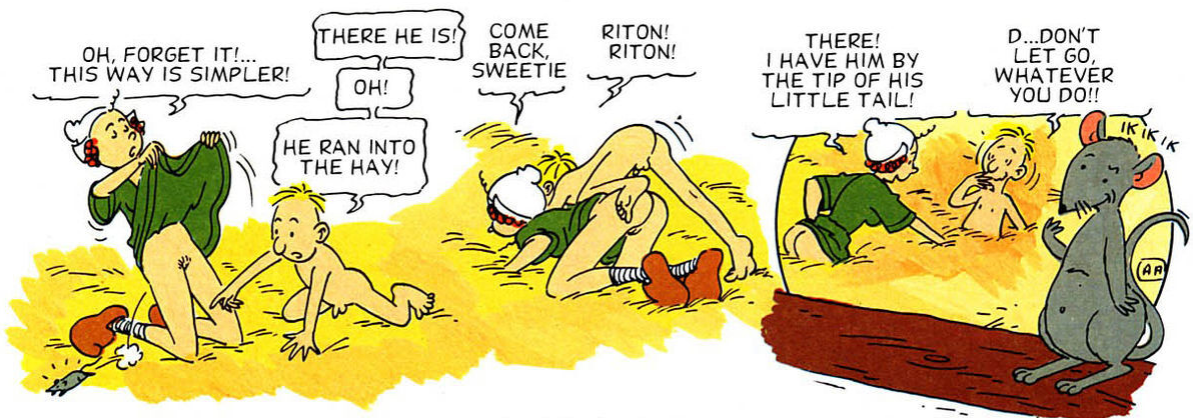
Riton finds it very nice. He has no intention of coming out.


REALLY POINTY LITTLE TEETH!
I'LL GET HIM OUT!
RITON! RITON!
HE'S GONE REALLY FAR DOWN!... I CAN'T REACH HIM FROM HERE.
HA! THERE HE IS! GOTCHA, YOU LITTLE BALL OF FUR!
UH... NO! THAT'S... SOMETHING ELSE!

Timmy has fed Riton from a bottle.

He's sure he can easily get him back.

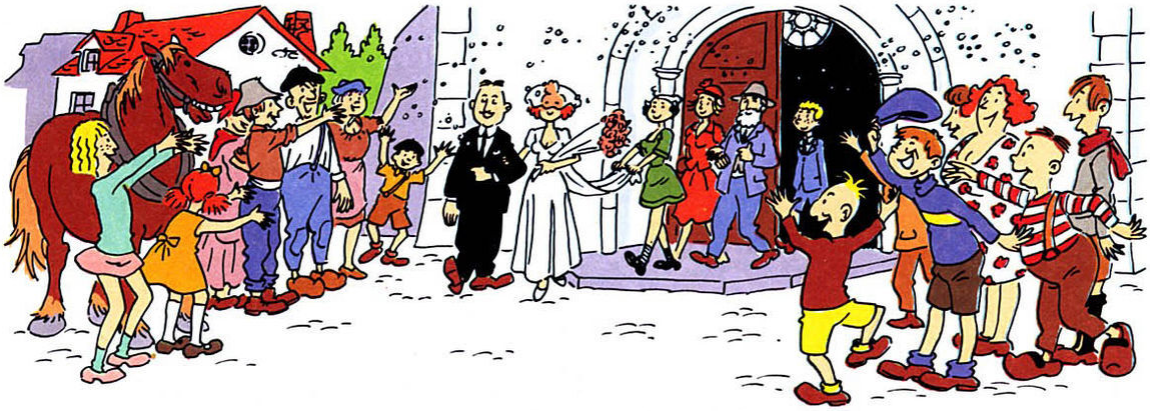
But where has the malicious rodent got to?


OH, FORGET IT!... THIS WAY IS SIMPLER!
THERE HE IS!
OH!
HE RAN INTO THE HAY!
COME BACK, SWEETIE
RITON! RITON!
THERE! I HAVE HIM BY THE TIP OF HIS LITTLE TAIL!
D...DON'T LET GO, WHATEVER YOU DO!!
IK IK IK
AR

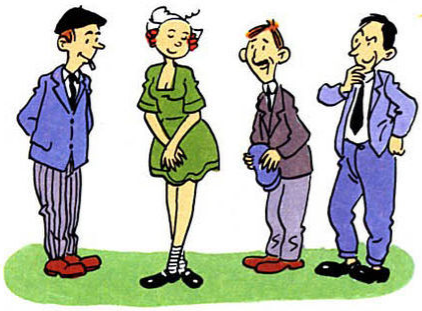
Uncovered, Riton heads for the hills.

Quick! Quick! You have to catch him. But the little rat has tasted freedom.

Clever Trollopine! She's found the way to make him forget his grief.



Today, Trollopine is very proud. Her mama's getting married. Step-papa isn't very handsome... but his farm is very big.



In one fell swoop, she finds herself with three big brothers: Justin, Percy, and Maurice.

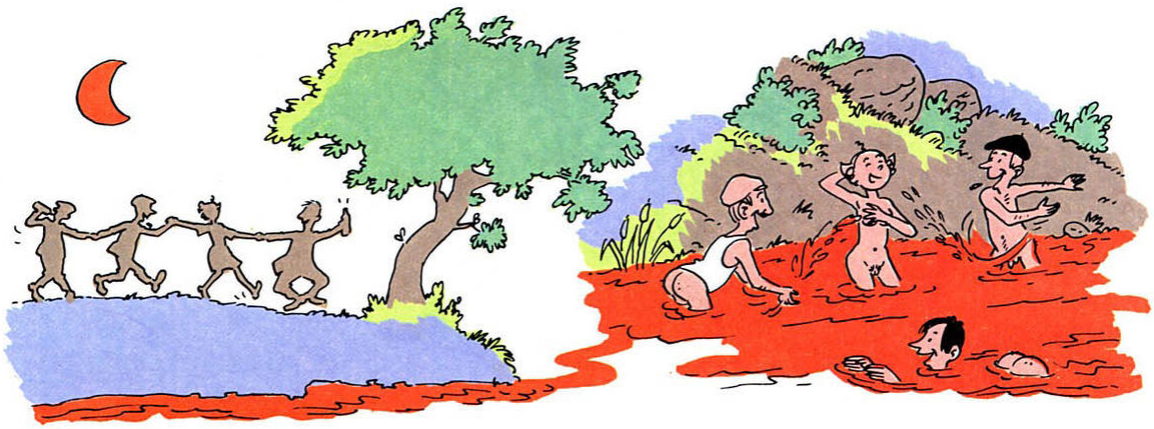
In the meadow, they've laid a table for a grand feast. All their friends from Ballin-on-Trollop are there.

What's better for the digestion than dancing? They danced until nightfall. And Trollopine wasn't the last to hoist a leg to the rhythm of the jig or the lively polka!

On the first bottle of wine, Percy, slightly tipsy, pats her on the bottom!...

On the second, Justin, already well lit, grabs her breasts.

And on the third, Maurice, totally bombed, straight out fondles her pubis.



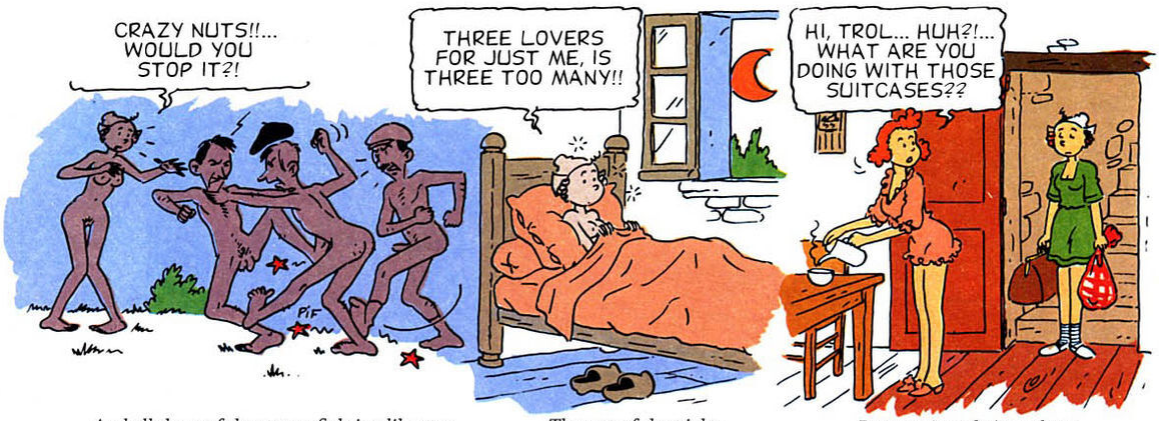
And all four, in the end, go merrily gambolling in the meadow.

It's very hot this night! But the water in the river is cool.

That's when Maurice, the romantic, declares his passion for Trollopine.

Then Percy, all worked up, offers his heart.

Finally, Justin, the cleverest, asks for her hand!



And all three of them start fighting like cats and dogs! Oh no, Trollopine laments. All this on account of me.

The rest of the night, she doesn't sleep a wink!

By morning, she's made up her mind.

One day or another, all children leave their parents. That's life.

When the time comes to leave, the whole farm weeps fat tears!...

Good luck, Trollopine.

THE END

l'Echo des Savanes

Trollopine, the farm girl, and Floozette, the girl of the woods, heartily dislike each other. They spend their time playing such nasty tricks on each other that Freud himself would blush. Things rarely get dull in Ballin-on-Trollop...